6

PVBL OVID.

DE TRISTIBVS.

OR

MOVRNEFVLL

ELEGIES, IN FIVE BOOKES:

Composed in his Baniſhment, part at Sea, and part at TOMOS, a City of *PONTVS.*

Tranſlated into *Engliſh* Verſe by *Zachary Catlin.* Mr. of Arts. *Suffolke.*

LONDON,
Printed by *T. Cotes*, for *Iohn Bellamie*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop, at the ſigne of the three golden Lyons in Cornehill. 1639.

37
10 22
13**



To the Courteous Reader.

GEntle Reader, I here present thee with a Translation. It is a Poem of melliſluous *Naſo*, and his laſt, and moſt doleſull, compoſed after his baniſhment to *Pontus*, where he dyed. It is his *Cycneacantio*, his ſwan-like ſong, his *Benjamin*, the ſonne of his age, and his *Benoni*, the ſon of his ſorrow. To commend the Authour, were to hold up a Taper to the Sunne, for he is well knowne to have beene the Muſes Favourite and white Sonne, whoſe ſweete language, whither in mirth or mourning, ſmiles or teares, they ever happily contrived into moſt fluent and raviſhing ſtreines of naturall, rather then artificiall Poetry, and taught him ſtill ſo aptly, lively, and feelingly to expreſſe his inward paſſions, that hee ever triumphed in the heart of his Reader (if he were not a *Cyclops* or a *Centaure*) and commaunded from him a ſympathy of ſutable affection. So that me thinkes either *Auguſtus Caſar* never read this Poem, or through ſelfe guiltineſſe of ſome fault to which *Ovid* was conſcious, (as *Acteon* to *Diana's* nakedneſſe) he was conſtrained to harden his heart againſt his charmes, like thoſe deafe ſtones that killed *Orpheus*.

In the ſeventh yeare. Cantator Cycnus funeris ipſe ſui.

Albæ gallinæ filius.

Tam denique ſæva, non eradiciti roboruntſanguine vatis.

As for the paines of the Tranſlatour, as they are lyable to much exception, ſo are they not uncapable of ſome juſt Apologie. Some perhaps will thinke this taske too youthfull for my gravity and gray haires: whom I muſt remember, that the Poet himſelf when he compos'd it was above fifty, and that it is an hard matter to expell nature, and to caſheere and abandon in age the laudable propenſities and ſtudies of ones

Lib. 4. Eleg. 2.

Difficile eſt ab. ſuetæ rebus

Youth. Old *Entellus* takes up the Bats and Bucklers, againſt young *Dares*. And aged *Milo* may aſſay how much he ſtill retaineth of his former ſtrength and vigour. Others will judge the Worke too light for my ſacred profeſſion. To whom I may oppoſe the better judgements, and frequent examples of learned and graue Diuines, Doctors, Prelates, and Princes themſelues, both of our owne and former times, who thought it no diſparagement to be the followers of the Muſes, or rather, thought ſacred *Theology* her ſelfe then beſt attended, when ſhe had in her traine, not onely Arts and Sciences, Tongues, and Languages, and other ſecular and humane learning, but euen thoſe polite and elegant ſtudies of Orators, and Poeſie, the contempt and diſdaine whereof was euer wont to be aſcribed either to barbarous ignorance, or tetricke ſowreneſſe and morofity of nature. Others will thinke my time and paines might haue beene better ſpent ſome other way, which, as I will not deny, ſo I am not ſorry for mine owne part, that without neglect of more ſerious matters, I am able to render them ſo good an account of my ſucciſiue and vacant houres: for to the meere *Engliſh* Reader, loe here *Ouid* is turn'd his owne Countryman: to the raw Scholler, loe here *Ouid* ſpeaking by an Interpreter; To them that can ſwim without bladders, this tranſlation will not onely bring delight, but if they pleaſe with the matter to obſerue the propriety of both the tongues, it may *Miſcere utile dulci*, bring them in delight and profit both. If any thinke the ſubiect too ſad for their merry humour, as being *Ouids* lamentatiõ; let them remember that in the moſt ſolemne muſicke, the harmony is moſt delightfull, and that there is ſome pleaſure euen in teares. *Eſt quædam flere voluptas*. If *Ouid* ſing his owne ſhipwracke, if they will not condole him, they may yet heare with delight what he ſuffered with griefe, make ſome good uſe of his witty inuentions, and expreſſions, and learne of him to ſing like Nightingales, when their

Aen. l. 5.

2

Theod. Beza. Gen. Buch. Bp. Hall. Bp. Corbet Doct. of Dun. King Iames.

Sidæ aures alsinæ dr. ob pinguē ingenium.

3

ne cerſte ra-

mne tulit punctum qui miſc.

4

ſcit omnia quod delectat multū patit.

their owne darke night of ſorrow ſhall come. If any wiſh my veine had beene more loſty, he muſt know it was the part of me a Tranſlatour, not to ſoare beyond mine Authours ſtraine, who was not here a ſtately Horoicall *Maro*, or a Tragicall *Sophocles*, but a quick-ſpirited and nimble witted *Naſo*. Laſtly, if any thinke I have undertaken a needleſſe paines, in tranſlating what was done before by another, and ſo write an *Iliad* after *Homer*. The truth is, I had halfe done my worke before I came to ſee the other, but after that, (though I was ſorry I ſhould *Actum agere*) yet I thought better to perfit what I had begun then to deſiſt and give over in the midſt, hoping that the intelligent Reader upon æquall ſurvey, will not thinke either my labour or his owne altogether fruitleſſe. Let this ſuffice for my Apology, Gentle Reader: and for thy ſelfe, read as many or few of theſe Elegies as thou pleaſeſt, onely read with ſo much candour as thou wouldſt be read, and if I deſerve not the Bayes (who am indeed but an *Arcadian* ſheepherd) yet (for my good will to the Muſes) let me not be beaten with the ſtocke. Yet this I will boldly ſay, that if thou read it through, and compare it punctually with the Authour, it may bring thee in ſome ſmall returne, at leaſt will keepe thy vacant houres from idleneſſe, or worſe employment, However I reſt

5

Ne ſuteram ultra crepidam.

Iliada poſt Homerum.

Mr. Wye Saltonſtall.

Νὴ τὴν τρίτην τὰ κρανία.

Thine to be uſed if thou pleaſe,
Zachary Catlin, philomuſus.

Liver iners vitium mores non exit in altos,
Carpere vel noli noſtra, vel ede tua.

The Authour, of his Tranſlation.

ERſt *Naſo* taught my youth the Latian ſtile,
I teach him *Engliſh* now another while.
If *Engliſh Naſo* want the Latine feature,
Say 'tis not he, but ſuch another creature.
Yet ſcarce one Egge is liker to another,
'Tis *Ovid* ſure, or elſe his younger Brother.

To

To his much honoured Friend,
The Authour of this
Translation.

Naso Poetarũ Dux optime ille juvante
Te duce, quã subito est Anglicus Ovidius
Hoc opus Ovidii narrat de Tristibus: At jam
Gratum opus ac lætum est hoc, Catelina, tuã.
Optima quã meruit Catelina Pœta, probatur
Versibus hisce suis, Ingenio & Genio.

Guiliel. Spring Armiger.

To his Reverend Friend the Authour of theſe Tranſlations.

Ovid weepes *Engliſh* now, nor doe we know
From whither eye, the learn'der teare doth flow,
The *Roman* or the *Engliſh*: whither *Rome*,
Or your terſe *Engliſh* more empearles his Tombe.
I'm ſure, that when I read his laſt divorce
From his deare Wife; and of his living coarſe,
Toſt in it's watry coffin (where each wave,
Rung him his paſſing Bell, and dig'd his grave)
Tranſlated ſo by you, as you had beene
His Muſes Pilot, and had ſteer'd his pen:
I had loſt *Ovid*, and in Extaſie
Wept for your Exile, and thought you were he:
Or ſatisfi'd in that your lively ſenſe
Tranſported me to thinke him baniſht hence
Vnholily by us: thence gan deplore,
Him as though exil'd to *Bermudas* ſhore,
(For ſuch I fancy'd *Scythia*) and forgate
Still as I read, you did but perſonate.
But when I had compos'd my thoughts, I ſaw
As he among the *Getes* preſerv'd the Law
Of *Roman* elegance in force, ſo now,
Found his Emphaticke ſweeteneſſe kept by you.
Who are his milder *Cæſar*, and have ſent
Him to a calmer place of baniſhment.

R. P.

Idem in eundem.

Et Libri, frontemque tuam Laurus tegat: Ardet
Lambat ut ima tuos dum mea Muſa pedes.
Vel laudent Hedera vappam Muſam, Tibi Muſa
Maſſica qua rutilat; non ego laudo, colo.

Robert Paſſent.

To

To his worthily esteemed friend Mr. *Zachary Catlin* the Authour of this Translation.

PRayses pollute, the Comicke told me so,
Tell him from me, due praise is no mans foe,
No more then spurres to a mild-metled Horse,
For which he goes the better, not the worse.
Whilst worthlesse men do seeke this on their herse,
Thy worth doth claime it justly for thy verse,
Your front's already deckt with noble spring,
A silver pavement doth thy worth out-ring.
What's left to me, if I must choose a part,
But this to praise the midst, thine honest heart.
Who knowes how seldome I bound speech do use,
Might sweare I honour *Catlin* and his Muse,
In chusing rather to expresse my shame,
Then to suppresse thy wit, thy worke, thy name.

Henry White, de Rougham.

In

In Pub. Ovid. NASONIS Elegias, eorumque interpretem Ovidianissimum ZA. CATELIN amicum sibi conjunctissimum.

Felix ingenium secundiore
Aurâ, & Cæsare mitiore dignum.
Quanto mergere rore guttularum
Heu vultus Elegi solent legentis!
Quis non Cæsareas gemit, fremitque
Tanti non potuisse vota vatis
Iras flexanimo liquare cantu?
Ast tu Sceptriptetens vegare Romam,
Orbem melliloquo nequis Poete!
Dignum laude virum obrui maligniùs,
Obnitens Vetat ipsa Musa fatis.
Quâ Sol auricomas agit quadrigas,
Atque orbem radiis beat coruscis,
Si quas excoluit benigna Pallas
Terras artibus, hospitas ubique,
Pandunt laurigero lares, & omne
Dulci patria fit solum poetæ.
Te nunc altitonante Iberus ore
Cantat, Teutonicus flagransque Iacchо,
Et qui mollifluo placet patato
Gallus, quique sapit modesta, magna
Parvo nomine proferens Britannus.
Quod Felix Cateline sitque Faustum,
Tu gestis patriâ dedisse linguâ
Nasonem, equiparansmetris Britannis,
Sit gratus labor, otiumque fallat
Nostrum fallere quo tuum solebas.
O fallax bene! mutuo labores
[illegible] decoras, tuosque Naso.

Iacobus Warwell.

To the Ingenious Tranſlatour, and the Cenſorious Reader.

SWeet Friend, know'ſt thou, that ſloth and envy ſit
Iudges of life and death, on active wit?
Thou know'ſt it well, and ſcorn'ſt it too: elſe why
Wilt thou the tickle edge of cenſure try?
But try: theſe recreations will make plaine,
What nimble ſpirits move in thy aged braine.
Barke eaſily Criticke Reader: be content
That learnings idler time's not idly ſpent.
What thou miſlik'ſt amend: ſo we ſhall ſee
By th' Authour much well done, little by thee.

Ia, warwell.

The Argument of the fourth Elegie, in *Lib.* 4, *Fol.* 66.

ORestes *Sonne of* Agamemnon, *and King of* Mycenæ, *slew his Mother* Clytemnestra, *and her adulterer* Aegystus, *which two had murthered his Father* Agamemnon, Orestes *was vexed with Furies, till hee had expiated his crime upon the Altar of* Diana *in* Taurica *by sacrifice. Hee had* Pylades *so faithfull a friend, that when he should have beene slaine on that Altar,* Pylades *would have dyed for him, and both would be thought* Orestes, *so that* Thoas *the Tyrant doubted which was he, and pardoned* Orestes *desiring their Friendship.* Iphigenia *was daughter of* Agamemnon, *Sister to* Orestes. *The Oracle said her blood must appease* Diana's *anger; Diana pitying her, sent a Deere in her stead for the sacrifice, and sent her being a Virgin to be her Priest in* Taurica, *to sacrifice with humane blood.* Orestes *comming thither, should have beene sacrificed, but that shee knew him by his talke with* Pylades, *He stole away his sister and* Diana's *Image, and went into* Italy.

An

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3. *To*

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PVBLII OVID.

Naſonis de Triſtibus, LIB. I.

ELEGIA. I.

Argu. *He ſpeakes unto his Booke: ſends it to* Rome, *Teaching it what to doe when 'tis thither come.*

GOe little Booke, without me viſit *Rome*:
Woes me, thy Maſter muſt not thither come:
I ſpleene thee not, yet ſee thou go undreſt,
In Exiles habit, ſuiting times unbleſt.
Clad not thy ſelfe in Berries purple juyce,
For mournefull times that colour's not in uſe.
Red not thy Title, nor thy Paper cedar.
White hornes and forehead blacke, ſuite ill together.
With brittle Pumice poliſh not thy Brow,
But goe uncom'd and jagg'd, thou car'ſt not how.
Let happy Bookes with ſuch toole ſtrim their beauty,
My Fortune to remember, tis thy duty.
Nor bluſh at blots and blurres: who them eſpies
Will judge them happ'ned from my weeping eyes.
Goe Booke, from me thoſe welcome places greet,
Ile touch them (as I may) with Paper feet.
If any one (ſure all have not forgot me)
If any one (I ſay) enquire about me.
Say that I live, that I am well deny,
Yet that I live is *Caſars* legacy:
If more they queſtion, peace, and bid them reade,
And ſee thou blab not more then ſhall be need.
The Reader warn'd, ſtraigt calls my fault to mind,
And all mens cenſures will me guilty finde.
But though reproached, doe not thou defend thee,
Thy cauſe once bad excuſing will not mend thee.
Some, thou ſhalt find, will ſigh that I am [1] here,
And at my Verſes cannot teares forbeare.
Wiſhing in's heart (leaſt ſome Informer know)
That *Ceſar* would relent and eaſe my woe.

[1] In exile.

who

Who ere he be, from ill I wish him free,
That would appease the Gods to wretched me.
Oh! let his wish take place, that *Cesars* ire
Being forgot, I may at home expire.
When thou hast done mine arrands some will blame thee;
And say, thou art a dull booke fit to shame me. *Object.*
Who right will judge, must things with times compare,
And time considered, Booke thou needst not care. *Answ.*
Verses proceede from mindes at quiet rest,
My times are cloudy, and with ills oppresst.
Verses the writers private leisure aske,
Seas, winds and tempests hold me to my taske.
Verses are free from feare: poore I, each houre,
Looke when a sword should my best blood ourpoure.
So that an equall judge will this my verse
Take in good part, and muse it is so Terse.
Give me great *Homer*, wrap him in like woe,
And all his wits will a woollgathering goe.
And therefore Booke, stand not upon thy Fame
If Readers slight thee, count it little shame.
To thee and me coy Fortune's not so kinde,
That upon credit thou shouldst set thy minde.
Whilst I was happy, I for titles stood,
And for my credit made my verses good;
But now I botch for th'nonce, and deadly hate
That Wit and Art, which caus'd my banisht state.
Goe thou for me that mayst, and view the Citty,
Were thou anothers, thou shouldst finde more pitty.
And though thou com'st a stranger into Towne,
Yet never thinke that thou canst walke unknowne.
For say thou want a name, and wouldst conceale thee
As though not mine, thy colour will reveale thee.
Yet enter closely lest my name doe harme thee.
The worlds applause, not now, as erst doth arme me.
If any thinke, tis dangerous to read thee, *Object. 2.*
Cause thou art mine, and as a Serpent dread thee:
Say, view my title, I am not [1] *Loves Master*, *Answ.*
That worke hath justly cost me this disaster. [1] Three Bookes of Love.
Perhaps thou look'st, if I will bid thee clime

The ſtaires of *Ceſars* pallace moſt ſublime.
But let thoſe places and the gods there ſpare me,
For frō thoſe Towers this thunderbolt did ſcare me.
I know indeed mild Deities dwell there,
But yet thoſe gods that harmed me, ſtill I feare. (naile
The Dove once wounded with the Hawkes ſharpe
At the leaſt noyſe of flickring wing doth quaile.
The Lambe once bitten by her Wolviſh foe,
Farre from the fold dare never after goe.
Were *Phaeton* now alive, he would avoid
Heav'ns Carre and Horſes wherein once he joy'd.
So I once ſtricken, feare *Ioves* dreadfull dart,
And when he thunders, thinke that I ſhall ſmart.
The Greeke ſhips ſhattred at *Caphareus* hill,
Doe ſteere their courſe farre from *Euboia* ſtill.
Ev'n ſo my boate once weather beaten ſore,
The place of danger dares approach no more.
Therefore beware, and fearing to be ſhent,
So meane Plebeians read thee, reſt content.
Whilſt *Icarus* with weake wings too high doth ſoare
He gave the name to the *Icarian* ſhore.
Yet whether beſt thy Ores or Sayles to uſe
I know not; Time and place muſt teach thee chuſe,
If thou find *Ceſar* in a pleaſant humour,
Seeſt all things mild, his anger loſt her rumour;
If any one will hart thee drawing backe,
And ſpeake a good word for thee be not ſlacke,
But in good time more happy then thy Maſter,
Draw neere and pray him eaſe my ſad diſaſter.
For he that made it muſt redreſſe my wound
Achilles-like, or I ſhall ne're be ſound.
But ware thou hurt not, whilſt thou meanſt me good,
(For ſtronger feares then hopes appale my blood.
Take heed leſt thou his calmed Anger move,
And thou a ſecond cauſe of danger prove.
But when unto my dwelling thou art come
And to thy cloſet, that ſame little roome,
There ſhalt thou ſee in ranked order ſet
Thy brethren all, whom the ſame braine did get.

Moſt

Most of them Titles on their outsides beare,
And names upon their open fore heads weare.
Three in a corner thou shalt lurking spy.
and these as all men know, teach venery,
Shun these, or if thine heart will serve thee, rather
Call them unnaturall murd'rers of their Father.
{Like *Œdipus* that *Laus* kild in fray,
{Or *Telegon* that did *Vlysses* slay.
Lore none of these three Bookes in any wise,
Though Love they teach, if thou thy Father prize.
There 1 also be of chang'd shapes fifteene bookes,
Verses which *Phœbus* from my funerals tooke,
Tell them (I charge thee) that mong bodies chang'd
My fortunes visage may be fitly rang'd.
For suddenly shees turn'd from what she was,
Ioyfull of late, but now at weeping passe.
If more in charge thou aske, I more would say,
But that I feare to cause thy longer stay.
And should thou carry with thee all my mind,
Thy bearer would an heavy burden finde
Make haste; thy journi's long: poore I am hurl'd
To a farre Country in another world.

1 Three Books of Love.

These slew their owne Fathers unawares.

1 15. Bookes of Metamorphosis

ELEGIE. 2.

He supplicates the Gods that they would deigne,
To yeeld him safe from shipwrackes imminent paine

Argu.

YE gods of Sea and heav'n (what's left but Prayer)
The shattered Limbes of my weake barke repaire
O doe not you subscribe to *Cæsars* anger,
When one God harmes, another rids from danger.
Gainst *Troy* lame *Vulcan* stood, for *Troy Apollo*:
Faire *Venus* aids them, *Pallas* hates them hollow.
Iuno Aeneas spleen'd, and *Turnus* friended,
By *Venus*, yet *Aeneas* was defended.
Oft raging *Neptune* would *Vlysses* kill,
As oft *Minerva* crost her Vncles will.
And may not now, (though I fall short of those)
Some God assist me, though one God oppose?
But bootlesse Prayers, poore wretch in vaine I sprinckle,
Even whilst I speake the waters me bedrinkle,
And Southwinds raging so my prayers confound,

The gods I aime at cannot heare the sound.
2 Or harmes. The selfe same wind thus bringing double 2 feare;
Driving I know not whether, sayles, and Prayers.
Ay me, poore wretch, what watry Mountaines rise!
You'd thinke their lofty tops would touch the skies.
Streight lowly vallies stoope (when Sea doth sunder)
You'd thinke their bottomes reacht to hell or under.
Where ere I look, there's nought but sky and water,
This swels wth waves, & that wth stormes doth clatter.
The winds betweene them roare with hideous noise,
3 Which wind And waves demurre 3 which hath the master-voyce.
For now blowes *Eurus* from the purple East,
4 Evening. Now rises *Zephyrus* from 4 the setting West.
Now rages *Boreas* from the Northerne Beare,
Now *Notus* warres with him from Southern sphear;
The Pilot doubtfull what to shun or chuse,
Ambiguous mischiefes make his Art to muse.
Dead men we are: all hope of safeties gone.
Even whilst I speake, the waves orewhelme my mone.
They'le drowne my soule, and while my mouth doth (pray,
Thereby the deadly water finds a way,
5 Only. My loving wife, 5 nought save mine exile wayles,
She neither grieves nor knowes my other ayles.
She little thinkes I'me toss't on vastest maine.
Hurried with winds; still ready to be slaine.
'Twas well I did not suffer her to goe,
Then had I borne a double deadly blow:
Now, though I perish, yet (since she is safe)
I shall outlive my death at least one halfe.
Woes me, what flashing lights from heaven do spring
What crackes of thunder from the skies doe ring?
And on our shippe the floting billowes falles
Like Canon bullets on beseged walles;
Each following wave the former still exceede,
Decumanus fluctus. As if it were a tenth of greatest Meede.
I feare not death, but yet this kinde is hatefull,
Bare me but shipwracke, death shall be most grateful.
Whether on's saint death or o'th sword one dye,
Some comfort tis upon firme land to lye.

To

To make ones will, and looke to be interred, To speake to his friends.
And not in fishes bowels to lye buried.
Yet say such death I merit, why should those
Innocent soules ith' shippe my fate inclose?
Ye Gods above, and you that rule the Seas,
Both stint your threates, which joyntly me disease.
And since mild *Cæsars* wrath my life hath granted
Let me transport it to the place commanded.
For, if for mine offence my life you grudge me,
It did not death deserve, if *Cæsar* judge me,
And had he ment to send me to my grave,
He needed not in this your helpe to crave:
My life's at his command, and when he will,
He that hath sparde my blood may freely spill.
But you whose powers my crime hath not offended,
O rest content and let my woes be ended.
And yet though all of you a wretch would save,
I'm past all hope, and safety cannot have.
Say you would spare, and winds should serve my wil,
And Sea grow calme, I am an Exile still.
I doe not plow the Seas and watry maine,
Hoping by traficke to make endlesse gaine:
I'm not for learned 1 *Athens*, as of yore,
Nor *Asian* Townes I never saw before.
Nor yet for 2 *Alexandria* am I bound,
To view her dainties in swift *Nilus* found.
My suite is small, yet strange, I crave a gale
To the 3 *Sarmatian* land to drive my sayle.
I'm bound to touch on *Pontus* cruell shore,
Yet that my flight from home 4 is slow, deplore.
And make my way to Exile by my pray'rs,
To 5 *Tomos* seated under uncouth starres.
If then you love me gods, these tempests lay,
And let your Powers for my ship make way,
Or if you hate me, to that land me hye,
Tis plague enough in such a coast to dye.
What make I here? fierce windes dispatch my flight.
Why stayes thus long 6 *Ausonia* in my sight?
Cæsar would have me gone: oh! doe not hold me,

1 He was a student there.
2 A mart Towne in Egypt.
3 A barbarous rude place.
4 My Country.
5 A City of Pontus to which Ovid was banisht.
6 Italy.

But let the barbarous *Pontick* land behold me,
It is his will, my merit: for 'twere small reason
I should defend what he doth fault as treason.
Yet if the gods all 1 mortals actions view,
My fault was crimeleſſe, and you know 'tis true.
This if you know, how 'twas my meere 2 miſhap,
Mine harmeleſſe mind contriv'd no wicked trap,
But I though meane, that 3 Family favour'd ſtill,
Obeying what I knew *Auguſtus* will.
Did bleſſe theſe times when ſuch a Prince did live,
And oft for him and his did incenſe give.
If thus I meant, O gods, then doe you ſpare me
If not, let now ſome ſwelling wave orebeare me.
But doe I dreame? or gin the clouds to vaniſh?
And doth the calmed Sea her anger baniſh?
Sure 'tis no chance, but you to whom I pray'd.
Knowing all 4 ſecrets ſend me preſent aid.

1 Romane.
2 To ſet ſomething at Court ſoo
3 Ex fatis fam.
4 Heart have ſent.
I 2

ELEGIE. 3.

Argu. *He tels how he from Rome did farewell take.*
And's Wife and Friends great lamentation make.

WHen I recall to mind that doleſull night,
When I from *Rome* did take my finall flight,
That night wherein I left what ever's deare,
Then from mine eye there ſlides a mournfull teare.
For now the day by *Cæſar* ſet, drew nigh,
That I muſt 5 bid adieu to *Italy*.
I had no mind nor time, things to prepare,
My heart was dulld and overſet with care.
I could not thinke of getting men or mates,
Or cloathes or Coine to fit my baniſht ſtate.
Like one with thunder ſtrooke, ſo was I crazed,
That lives, and knowes it not, he's ſo amazed.
When griefe had once this cloud of mind removed,
And at the length my ſenſes ſtronger proved,
Ready to goe, I tooke my laſt adieu
Of mourning friends, earſt many, now but few.
My loving wife, me weeping did embrace
A ſhowre of teares ſtill powring downe her face.

5 Packe away from.
10

My Daughter was farre of, on 1 *Libian* shore
And could not my unheard of fate deplore.
Looke where you would, there sounded plaints and grones
It seem'd a dolefull show of funerall mones.
Men, women, children too, my funerall kept,
In every corner of the house they wept.
If great examples may be like a toy,
Such, when 'twas taken, was the face of *Troy*,
The voyce of dogs and men now silent were,
The lofty Moone her nightly Carre did steere,
I viewing her, and the great Capitoll a Fane
Adjoyning to my house alas in vaine,
Thus said, ye Gods that in this Temple dwell.
And thou faire Church which I must bid farewell,
And all ye gods of *Rome*, from whom I part,
I still adore you from a zealous heart.
And though a 3 buckler after wounds I take
Disburden yet my flight from odious hate.
Oh tell that 4 heav'nly man, what me beguiled,
Left a meere errour for a crime be stiled,
" That what you know, my judge the same may see,
" Who once appeas'd I might most happy be.
With this short Prayer, I did the gods adore,
My wife, each period sobbing, prayed more,
For loe before her houshold gods dejected,
Shee kist the sacred fires, her haire neglected,
And powred out to them full many a prayer,
That could not ease her wofull husbands care.
But now the posting night forbad delay,
And on her Pole the Beare was turn'd away.
What should I doe? my Countries love retaines me,
And Times last bound, this night to flee constraines
" How oft, one hast'ning, why dee urge said I, (me.
" Ah thinke both whither, and from whence you flye
And oft I fained, that by such an houre
I would be ready to 5 obey their power.
Thrice to the doore I went, and thrice drew backe,
My foote, even like my mind was very slacke.
Oft taking leave, I freshly fell a talking,

1 In Africke.
Midnight.
2 Fauni's Temple.
Ovids prayer.
3 Am past remedy.
4 Cæsar.
His Wife.
Neere day.
5 Go out oth' doore.

And oft I kist, as one that had beene walking.
Charging the same things oft, my selfe forget,
Whilst on my pledges deare mine eyes were set.
"Then would I say what haste to *Scythia* vile,
"From happy *Rome*? good now let's stay a while,
"I and my wife both living, must part ever,
"From house, and faithfull houshold I must sever,
"And friends in whom as Brethren I delighted.
"Oh my deare hearts with *Thesean* faith united,
"Ile hugge you while I may, henceforth I feare
"I shall no more: Ile gaine these minutes cleare.
Forthwith, I breake abruptly from my talke,
And what came next to minde my tongue doth walk.
Thus while I speake and weepe, the [1] morning star
Is gotten up, [2] unwelcome *Lucifer*,
For now I part, even as my limbes were torne,
And joynt form joynt were quite asunder [3] shorne,
Grieving like *Priamus* when that trecherous steed,
Against his hopes hatcht that revengefull [4] breed.
And now my friends doe shreike and sob outright,
And with their hands their naked bosomes smite.
My wife fast holding on my arme now going, (ing
These dolefull words mixt with my teares outflow-
"Thou shalt not part, weele both go hence or neither,
"Sure man and wife shall banisht be together:
"In *Pontus* land there's roome for mine abode,
"And to thy ship Ile adde but little lode.
"Thee *Cæsars* wrath bids from thy Country flee,
"Me duty: [5] duty shall my *Cæsar* be.
Thus she assaid, as she had oft before,
And reason hardly mov'd her to give ore.
Then forth I goe, like one to's grave outborne,
My haire downe hanging, nasty and forlorne.
But then she waxing mad with griefe they say,
Grew blind, and falling in a sound she lay,
Till comming to her selfe, she did upreare
Her limbs from th' earth, with her dust soyled haire.
Her selfe, and then her widdowed house deploring,
And oft her robbed husbands name imploring.

1 Morning
2 Abhorred.
3 Borne.
4 Of armed Greekes.
5 Kindnesse Pietas.

Grie-

Grieving no leſſe, then ſhe had ſeene exſpire
Me or her child, or burne on Funerall fire.
Wiſhing to dye, by death to eaſe her care,
Though for my ſake content her life to ſpare.
Oh may ſhe live, to helpe her abſent mate,
Sith thus to part it is our luckleſſe fate.
The 1 keeper of the Beare's now ſteept ith' maine,
And with his ſtarre doth the Sea waters ſtaine.
Yet we againſt our wills in ſunder cleave,
Th' *Ionian* Sea: but 2 feare doth courage give.
Woes me, how blacke the Seas with Tempeſts grow,
And ſands waxe hot fetcht from their channels low!
The waves as high as mountaines ore our ſhip,
Both Decke, and Sterne, and painted gods, doe skip.
The Cables cracke, the Pinetree 3 joynts rebound,
The very Keele doth to our woes reſound.
The Pilot waxing pale doth feare bewray,
Yeilds to the ſtorme, and lets the veſſell ſtray,
And as a Rider, ſtriving long in vaine,
With his ſtiffenecked Steed, yeelds up the reine,
So did our Pilot leave the ſhip to ſaile,
Not where he would, but as the winds prevaile,
So that if *Aeolus* cauſe them not to change,
We ſure to ſome forbidden coaſt ſhall range.
For leaving on our left th' *Illyrian* lands,
Still in our gaze forbidden *Italy* ſtands.
Oh lets not ſtill to coaſts forbidden 4 wend,
But let the Sea, with me to *Cæſar* 5 bend.
Yet while I ſpeake, and wiſhing feare a nay,
How fiercely on our ſhip the billowes play?
At leaſt you 6 *Azure* Gods ſome pitty ſhow,
Let it ſuffice that m *Ioves* my cruell foe.
Saue you a tyred foule from cruell death,
If a loſt man may begge a lingring breath.

1 Beäres or *Arctophylax*. A ſtorme.
2 Of Cæſars anger.
3 Planks.
4 Tend.
5 i. Stoope or yeeld.
6 Sea Gods: m Cæſar.

ELEGIE. 4.

Argu. *He writes unto a friend, who faithfull ſtill continued, though his fortune proved ill.*

DEare friend whom I muſt mention after none,
Who tookſt to heart my fortune as thine owne:

Who firſt was bold (Ile thinke on't to my end)
With ſweete diſcourſe to cheere thy blaſted Friend.
By gentle counſell wooing me to live,
When I to dye, my wofull mind did give.
Thou know'ſt by ſignes unnam'd at whom I aime.
Thine owne good office ſure, thou'lt not diſclaime,
Which ſhall be ever fixed in my heart,
And I engaged for ſo kinde a part.
Firſt ſhall this Soule into thin ayre returne,
And leave my liveleſſe bones in funerall Vrne
Before my minde forget thy worthy act,
Or time outweare remembrance of thy fact.
[1] Befriend. The gods [1] reward thee, and ſuch fortune ſend
Vnlike to mine, that thou ne're need a friend.
Yet, had my ſhip with proſperous gale been blowne,
Perhaps thy faithfull heart had ne're been knowne.
[2] He accompanyed Pir. to hell. [2] *Theſeus* ſo kind, *Pirithous* had not tryed.
Had he not gone to hell before he dyed,
Thy furies ſad *Oreſtes* were the cauſe
Three paire of Friends. That *Pylades* is patterne of Lovers lawes.
Had not *Euryalus* faln 'mongſt Hoſtile hands
Niſus had ne're beene fam'd for friendſhips bands.
γνωμη. For looke how yellow Gold in fire is tryed.
Ev'n ſo in harder times is friendſhip ſpyed.
Whil'ſt Fortune favours, cheerely ſmiling on us,
Our wealth unwaſted, All men hang upon us.
If once w'are thunderſtrucke, they flee away.
Of troopes of ſeeming friends, ſcarce one will ſtay.
By many old examples this I knew.
But now by wofull tryall find it true.
Of troupes of friends ſcarce two or three remaine
The reſt were none of mine, but Fortunes traine.
You few, ſticke cloſer to my broken ſtate,
Object. And yeeld ſafe harbour to my ſhipwrackt fate.
Nor let falſe feares too much diſmay your Senſe,
Leſt at your kindneſſe, *Cæſar* take offence.
For he that in his foes doth faith approve,
The ſame in's ſubjects cannot chuſe but love.
My cauſe is bitter, who did nere beare armes,

Gainſt

Gainſt *Caeſar*, but through errour got my harmes.
Watch then deare friend, how thou maiſt eaſe my ſtate,
If *Ceſars* anger may perhaps abate.
If any one to know my chance deſire,
More then I can expreſſe he doth require.
I have endur'd more [1] ills, then Starres ith' ſky, 1 Griefes
Or graines of duſt, that on the ground doe lie.
Yea much above beleife I have endured,
And few will credit them, though moſt aſſured.
Some part hereof 'twere meet with me 'ſhould dye,
I wiſh it might for ever buryed lye.
Had I a breſt of braſſe, and Iron lunges
Yea many mouthes and in them ſeverall tongues,
Yet could I not ſet forth the whole at length,
The numerous matter would exceed my ſtrength.
Ye learned Poets, *Ovids* woes endite, -- --
And not [2] *Ulyſſes*, I have more to write. 2 Dux Troiæ.
He wandred many Seas, yet little way
Betweene *Dulychium* and the *Trojan* Bay,
But I upon the *Getticke* gulphs am driv'n,
Seas farre from *Rome* under another heav'n.
He had a faithfull band of fellowes kind,
Now I to exile goe, mine ſtay behind:
A joyfull conqu'rour he came home at laſt,
A conquer'd Exile I from home am caſt.
Nor is my home rude *Ithaca* or [3] *Same*, 3 Samos.
From whence to be exil'd were little paine.
But *Rome*, of [4] rule and gods, the chaire of ſtate 4 Seat of the Empire.
Which from ſeav'n hils the world doth moderate.
He had a body could hard toile endure,
My ſtrength is feeble and my heart unſure.
He ever was inur'd to cruell Armes,
I to ſoft ſtudies and the Muſes charmes.
He by the warlike goddeſſe was upſtaid,
A god doth me oppreſſe and none doth ayd.
Him *Neptune*: me [5] *Ioves* anger doth oppreſſe 5 Cæſar his flatterie.
Now of thoſe two, the watry God is leſſe.
The greateſt part of his ſore toiles are faigned,
But my true griefes are with no fable ſtrayned.

And

And to conclude, he did at last arrive
To's house and Land, for which he long did strive:
But I for ever must my Country want
Vnlesse th' offended God his anger scant.

ELEGIE 5.

Argu. *This Elegie directed to his wife,*
Relates her praise, and wishes happy life.

THe Clarian Poet nere so *Lyde* loved,
1 Cous. Nor yet 1 Philetas *Battis* so approved
As thou deare wife art fixed in my brest,
Worthy with happier husband to be blest.
Thou as a Pillar hast my ruine staid,
And what I am, tis wholly by thine aide,
By thee it is, I am not made a prey
To those would plucke my Shipwrack-bord away.
For as a ravening Wolfe that thirsts for's prey,
Doth catch the sheepe whose Keeper's fat away:
And greedy Vulture to the carcase flyes,
Which lying bare upon the ground she spies;
So had a Catchpoll seaz'd upon my goods,
If by thy care he had not beene withstood.
Him by thy friends thy wisdome drove away,
To whom due thankes I never can repay.
Thus to thy worth, poore I true witnesse give.
And had I weight to make thine honour live,
2 Andromache In loyall duty, 2 *Hectors* wife I tell thee,
Nor yet 3 *Laodameia* should excell thee.
3 When she saw his ghost, after Hector had slaine him, she dyed for him. { Who when her Lord *Protesilay* was gone
Followed his ghost, and would not live alone.
Hadst thou an *Homer* to proclaime thy name,
Penelope had come behind thy fame.
Whither this Love in thee pure Nature be,
And thou therein hadst none to tutour thee,
4 Perhaps Livia wife to Aug. Or that sweete 4 Princesse (served all thy life)
Taught thee to be the patterne of a wife,
And by long custome like her selfe hath fram'd thee,
If like to her I may presume to fame thee.
Woes me my verses have too slender force,
Thy worth transcendeth farre my weake discourse.
Yet hath I still some of that former vigour,
Which is extinct and quencht by *Cæsars* rigour.

Thou

Thou ſhouldſt be firſt among the [1] Noble dames, 1 Heroides.
And with the beſt ſhouldſt rank thy vertuous name.
And yet ſo farre as my reports can raiſe thee,
Thou in my verſe ſhalt live and all ſhall praiſe thee.

ELEGIE. 6.

Thankes to his friends this Elegie doth bring Argu.
That weare his Image graven in a Ring.

WHo ere thou art that doſt mine Image weare,
Plucke off the Ivy garland from my haire.
Such ſignes of joy may happy Poets dreſſe,
A garland doth not ſute with my diſtreſſe.
Yet keepe it cloſe, though thou my meaning know,
Who bearſt me on thy finger to and fro.
And oft an Exiles viſage doſt behold,
Friendly encloſed in a Ring of gold.
And when thou look'ſt thereon, perhaps doſt ſay,
Woes me, my *Ovid* is ſo farre away.
I like thy kindneſſe; yet my Bookes are farre
My livelier Image: read them as they are, *Qualia-cunque.*
Even thoſe that treate of changed ſhapes of men, His Meta.
From which poore work, mine exile ſnatcht my pen.
And I at parting threw't into the flame,
Through griefe ev'n willing to conſume the ſame,
And as *Althea* did her Sons life ſmother
Ith' fatall Brand; kind Siſter, cruell Mother,
So I theſe harmeleſſe volumes, cruell Sire,
Mine owne deere bowels laid on funerall fire.
For that my muſe as banefull I did hate,
Or that this worke was rude and incompleate.
But ſeeing 'tis not loſt, but extant ſtill,
Having beene coppyed out againſt my will.
I now doe wiſh theſe ſtudious Toyes may live,
And ſweete remembrance of their Authour give.
Yet cannot theſe with patience be read,
Except one know they nere were perfited.
For from the Anvill rude this worke was taken,
And ere twas fil'd and poliſht was forſaken.
Nor crave I praiſe but pardon, 't ſhall ſuffice me,

If gentle Reader, thou ſhalt not diſpiſe me.
And this Hexaſticke take, with thy good grace,
And on the Forefront of that volume place.
Who ever ſhall this Orphan writing finde,
Sixe verſes to be ſet before the Metam. *Within your City geve it harbour kind.*
The rather cauſe the Father did not vent it,
But from his funerall friendly hands have rent it.
Had Fortune giv'n him time to ſee it ended
40. *The faults of this rude Poem had beene mended.*

ELEGIE. 7

Argu. *He ſharpely chides a friend who faithleſſe proved,*
Now in affliction, when it leaſt beboved.

RIvers ſhall backeward to their fountaines flow:
Phœbus with Horſes turn'd, ſhall Eaſtward goe.
Earth ſtars ſhall beare, the Heav'ns ſhall Plowſhare yeelde,
Waters ſhall burne, and fire ſhall waters yeeld, (teele
All things ſhall croſſe to natures order goe.
No part oth' world his wonted courſe ſhall know.
Things impoſſible weele eaſie deeme,
And what's abſurd, moſt probable eſteeme.
Theſe I foretell, ſince one hath me deceived,
By whom I hoped now t'have beene releived.
10. Falſe man, couldſt thou ſo ſoone forget thy friend?
Not daring one poore viſit to him lend?
Nor one kinde looke or word of comfort ſend?
a So much as en mine. Nor yet, a hard-hearted man, mine herſe attend?
Couldſt thou that ſhered haune of friendſhip ſlight
As vile and baſe, and trample on't with ſpite?
What had it beene to have viſited thy friend,
Oppreſt with griefe, and ſome kinde ſpeeches lend?
And, if thou hadſt no teares for his diſtreſſe,
Yet ſome good words with fained griefe expreſſe?
20. At leſt, as ſtrangers did, his farewell give.
And wiſh, a with publicke note, he long might live.
a As all men did. And now have view'd his drooping tearefull eyes,
Ne're more to be beheld in any wiſe?
And at his parting kindly take and give
A farewell, once for all while both doe live.
Thus much they did, with whom no league I had,

Who

Who by their teares declar'd their hearts were ſad.
But thou and I in ſtricteſt bonds were tyed,
Of ſweete converſe and ancient Love beſide.
My ſports and ſetious matters thou didſt know,
And unto me thy ſports and cares didſt ſhow:
This was enough that we acquainted were,
At *Rome* and cald to merry meetings there.
But theſe are all diſperſt, into the wind.
Drownd in Lethean waters out of minde.
I thinke thou were waſt bred in [1] gentle *Rome*, 1 Civill.
(The City where my foote muſt never come)
But in the craggy Rockes of *Pontus* rather:
And ſome rough cliffe of *Scythia* was thy Father.
Hard veines of flint about thy heartſtrings grow,
And in thy breſt doth ſeede of Iron flow.
And ſhe that [2] nurſed firſt thy tender age, 2 Suckled.
Was ſure ſome Tyger fierce of cruell rage.
Yet (like a ſtrangers) hadſt thou tane my woe,
Thou hadſt not beene impleaded as a foe.
But ſeeing this is added to my loſſes,
None of the leaſt, of all my fatall croſſes.
That our firſt friendſhip once ſo well begun.
Through thy default wants its perfection,
Repaire this breach of Love, that in the end,
(Thy fault forgot) I may thy faith commend.

ELEGIA. 8.

This Elegy doth to his friend complaine, Argu.
That vulgar ſpirits follow Fortunes traine.

WHo ere thou art that readeſt as a friend
I wiſh thee happy fortune to thy end.
Oh that for thee my prayers might much prevaile,
Which for my ſelfe cannot one jot availe.
Thy fortune good, of friends thou ſhalt have plenty, A ſentenc.
Iftimes prove cloudy, they'l be very dainty.
Behold how Doves to whited houſes flye, Simi.
But unto ſordid turrets none doth hye.
To empty garners Piſmires never wend, Simi.
And broken ſtates can ſeldome find a friend. Simi.
Who walkes ith' Sun, on him his ſhadow waites,
The Sun once clouded this doth vaniſh ſtraite.

So fickle vulgars follow Fortunes light,
Which once oreclouded, they ſoone take their flight.
Nere maiſt. I wiſh thou never find theſe ſayings true,
Though ſad experience makes my bowels rue.
For while I ſtood my houſe had great reſort
And was well knowne, though of no ſtately Port.
But when 'twas ſhaken once, all were afraid,
And haſting from the ruine no man ſtaid.
Nor wonder I if men doe lightning feare,
Whoſe fires are wont to catch what ever's neare.
And yet a friend that firme in trouble proves,
Ev'n in an hated foe mild *Cæſar* loves.
And never blames (ſo is his nature kind)
One that to's woſull friend beares conſtant mind.
Pyla. would have dyed for Oreſt. *Thoas* the Tyrant *Pylades* commended,
That his *Oreſtes* he had ſo befriended.
The conſtant friendſhip which *Patroclus* bare
To great *Achilles*, *Hector* judged rare.
They ſay th' infernall god like wondrous well,
1 Pirithous. That *Theſeus* would attend his 1 friend to hell.
Turnus (tis like) his cheekes with teares bedewed,
2 To Eurialus. When once he heard what friendſhip *Niſus* 2 ſhewed.
3 Miſery. 3 Sorrow craves pitty, which ev'n foes approve,
Woes me how few doe theſe my ſayings move!
Yet is the ſtate of my misfortune ſuch,
That in compaſſion none can weepe too much.
However though my times are wondrous bad,
At thy preferment (friend) I am right glad
Which long agoe, me thought, I did foreknow,
While on thy barke a ſmaller gale did blow.
For if ſweete manners and a ſpotleſſe life
Have any worth, they are in none more rife.
Or if th' ingenuous Arts have any grayſed;
Thy skill in pleading cauſes is much praiſed.
I noting this, did thus to thee preſage,
Thy dowries, friend, will claime 4 an ample ſtage.
4 A ſigne of good luck. Nor did ſheepes veines or left-hand thunder ſhow it,
Nor tongues or wings of birds did cauſe me know it.
Reaſon my Augury was, and happy gueſſe

Made

Made me diuine it, and proclaime no leſſe.
Which proving true, I joy my ſelfe and thee,
That thy rare wit could not concealed be.
As for mine owne, would it had lyen obſcure;
In darkeſt night, then had I liv'd ſecure.
But as ſeverer Arts have thee prefer'd,
Th'other unlike to them, have me interr'd.
And yet thou knew'ſt my life, and that my [1] Art
Vpon the Authours manners plaid no part.
Thou knowſt I made thoſe paſtimes being young,
Which if blameworthy, but for jeſts were ſung.
And though tis true, my pen I then abuſed
Yet doe I thinke my faults may be excuſed.
Make then thy faire excuſe, abet thy friend
So may good fortune guide thee to the end.

[1] My Bookes of Love. 60

ELEGIE. 9

The prayſes of the Ship he doth diſplay
Which be tooke up at the Corinthian Bay. Argu.

VNder *Minerva's* guard, my ſhip is bleſt,
And takes its title from her helmets creſt.
If Sayles we uſe, it ſcuds with ſmalleſt winde,
Or if our Oares, 'twill never be behind.
And not content her Comrades to outrunne,
She'le cote the ſhips that erſt their courſe begun.
Aſſayling flouds and billowes ſhe can beare,
Nor doth ſhe leake, or ſearching waters feare.
At *Corinth* land of her I firſt had ſight,
True guide and partner of my fearefull flight.
And ſtill through *Pallas* favour ſafe abideth, 10
Although through rough and ſtormy Seas ſhe rideth.
Oh may ſhe ſafely ſhoote vaſt *Pontus* haven.
And enter *Getticke* harbours, which we [2] craven,
Me firſt unto the *Helleſpont* ſhe brought, (wrought
Where through the Streights a tedious courſe ſhe
Then bending to the left where [3] *Troy* did ſtand,
We came to th' Harbour of the *Imbrian* land.
Thence by *Zeſinthus* ſhore, with ſlowe'ſt pace. 20
Our weary ſhip did touch on [4] *Samothrace*.

[2] Or with to go to Ovids voyage deſcribed.
[3] Aſtoris urbs.
[4] Thracia inſula.

Hence to *Stantirum* one may quickly wend;
So far our ſhip her Maſter did attend.
But I on foote would through *Biſtonis* travell,
And ſhe now left the *Helleſpontick* gravell,
And to *Dardania* went of *Dardan* ſtiled,
And thence to *Lampſac* whereon 1 *Pan* hath ſmiled.
So to the *Fret* lurnam'd from *Helle* drowned
Where *Seſtos* from *Abydos* is disjo ned.
From thence to 2 *Cyzicos* (nigh *Propontis* placed)
Which by th' *Aemonii* founders much is graced.
Then, where *Bizantium* joynes to *Pontus* jawes,
And makes the ample Portall of two Seas.
Theſe let her conquer and with Southwinds borne
Paſſe the *Cyanean* iſland-creekes untorne.
Then by the *Erochian* bayes, and *Phœbus* towne,
Vnder *Anchialus* wals 3 may ſhe ride ſound.
Thence by *Meſembriack* Ports, paſſe ſhe the Towers,
That take their name from *Bacchus* drunken powers.
And by the exiles at 4 *Alcathoe* bred,
Who here are ſaid to reſt their weary head.
Thence, at *Miletis* let her ſafe arrive,
Whether th'offend. d 5 god my courſe doth drive.
This if *Minerua* grant, a Lambe ſhall dye,
My wealth a greater offring cannot buy.
And you 6 *Tindarian* brethren 7 here ador̃ed,
Your ayde for both our ſhips is now implored.
For, th'one through th' high *Symplegades* is bound,
And th'other plowveth the *Biſtonian* ſound.
Command (ſith we to ſeverall coaſts doe wend)
Each ſhip have wind to ſerve her to her end.

Or Priapus is rich pasture

A City.

Let.

4 Alcathoe Harbs.

5 Cæsar

6 Castor and Pollux sons of Tindarus worship.

7 In Miletis, signes of faire weather.

ELEGIE. 10.

Argu. *Here to the courteous Reader is diſcloſed,*
That this Firſt booke in's Voyage was compoſed.

THis Booke, yea every Verſe thou readeſt here,
Were made in travell, and the time of feare.
Some part I wrote on th' *Adriaticke* water,
When cold December made my teeth to chatter.
And part when I had 8 got my ſecond ſhip,
And paſt the *Iſthmos* that two Seas doth ſplit.

8 Tane. The Isthmos

That

That I amid Sea-roarings verses phrased,
I thinke the *Aegean* Cyclades were amazed.
My selfe admire, how I my wits could find
Amid such tempests both of sea and mind.
Whether this 1 study maze or madnesse be,
From other cares, I'm sure it set me free.
Oft by the showry 2 kids my minde was beaten,
And oft the 3 *Pleiades* made the Seas to threaten.
Now the Beares-keeper made the day light darke,
And th' *Hyades* causd the watry Southwinds sharke,
Oft part oth' Sea got in: yet still I draw,
With trembling hand, these verses though but raw.
Ev'n now our cables stretcht wth northwinds cracks
And seas doe rise, like mountaines swelling backes,
The Pilot lifting up his hands to th'skies,
Forgetting quite his Art, for succour cries.
Where ere I looke, deaths Image doth dismay,
Which makes me doubting feare, and fearing pray.
Yet should I gaine the Port that would affray me,
For of the twaine, the Land doth more dismay me.
Dangers from Seas and men at once I beare,
Both sword and waters cause my double feare.
I feare, lest th'one should catch his bloody pray,
And th'other claime my last and fatall day.
On our left hand loe barbarous robbers dwell,
VVho save in blood and warres are never well.
And though the seas through winters stormes do war
Yet are the others brests more raging farre,
The rather, gentle Reader, shouldst thou beare,
If thou beneath thy hope finde verses here.
They were not pend as erst, in gardens shade,
VVhere on my wonted 4 bed, my body laid.
But tost on winter Seas I'm rudely dasht,
And with salt waters are my papers washt.
Cold winter stormeth disdayning I should dare
To Scribble verses, whilst he threatneth feare.
Let winter conquer: yet, at once, I pray,
As I my Verse, let him his fury stay.

1 of Poetry.
2 Hœdi.
3 Steropes star
foure quarters
of heaven.
4 Couch.

Here endeth the first Booke, conteining 744. Verses.

ELEGIE.

This Booke one single Elegie containes,
Argu. *wherein to great Augustus he complaines.*

AVant from me my Bookes, unhappy care (deare
Who for my wit, poore wretch, have paid full
Why to my blamed Muse doe I returne me?
And touch againe the fire, which once did burne me?
'Twas Poetry made men and women long
To know me, and this fame hath done me wrong.
'Twas Verse made *Cæsar* to suspect me still
And feare my manners, for this hatefull skill.
Hate me my study, and my crimes are hated,
My Verses I may thanke that I am [1] hated,
Heer's the reward my toyling life hath gained
That for my wit I smart and am disdained.
Had I beene wise, I had the Muses hated,
As powers that make their Worshipper be rated.
But now so mad is my Poeticke veine.
I dash my foote at the same rocke againe.
Like foyled Fencer, still the stage [2] reentring,
Or wracked ship on swelling Seas; still ventring.
Perhaps (as once befell [4] *Teuthrasi's* King)
One thing to me may wound and med'cin bring.
My Muse that stirr'd, may calme his kindled rage,
Verses incensed gods doe oft assuage.
Cæsar himselfe th' *Italian* dames did charge,
To towred Ops their Verses to inlarge,
To *Phœbus* too, what time [5] he brought oth' stage
The Playes which come once onely in an age.
By these examples *Cæsar*, I thee pray,
My wit thy fury may in part allay.
Thine anger's just, Ile not my guilt deny,
My face hath not so farre lost modesty.
But had I never sin'd, what couldst thou yeeld?
My guilt affords thy mercy faire st field.
Should *Iove* as oft as men offend, let fall
His arrowes, he long since had spent them all,
But when with thunders he the world doth scare

[1] Or vexed.
[2] Renuing. Reviewing.
[4] Telephus whom Achilles first hurt and healed.
[5] i. Cæsar Ludi secularis,

He

He streight uncloudeth and makes cleare the aire.
Hence he is still the Gods both sire and King,
Nor can the world of *Ioves* coequall sing.
Now since *Romes* King and Father is thy name
As well as *Ioves*, for mercy be the same.
And so thou art; nere Prince of any Nation, Cæsare clemente
Did wield his Scepter with more moderation.
Oft hast thou spar'd the *Parthians* overcome,
Who conquering would have give thee harder doom.
With wealth and honour thou dost some adorne,
Who 'gainst thy sacred head have weapons borne.
One day both war and peace in thee hath wroughte,
And to the gods both parts have presents brought.
And as to quell their Foes, thy men were glad:
Even so thy conquer'd enemies were not sad.
My cause is better farre, being nere accused
Mine Armes against my Liege to have abused.
I sweare by Sea and Land, by heav'n above
By thee a present and conspicuous *Iove*. 1 Soule.
This 1 heart hath favour'd thee as most Divine
And to my power I was wholly thine.
I pray'd that thou might'st late ascend the sky,
Still making one with one that this did cry.
And for thine health, Incence devoutly spent
And to the Publicke votes my Prayers lent.
Those very Bookes which first procur'd me blame
In thousand places chaunt thy sacred name.
And read my greater worke, not yet compleate
Which doth of bodies wondrous changes treate,
Large prayses of thy name, there shalt thou finde,
And many pledges of my loyall minde.
Verses, 'tis true, make not thy glory greater,
To which nought can accrue, to make it better.
Yet *Iove* (whose fame surmounteth) takes delite
When we, in Verse his glorious Acts indite.
And when the Giants warres men do rehearse,
Tis like he joyeth in their praysing Verse.
Thy fame there are which chaunt with lofty straine
Whose larger quilles thy prayses high proclaime,

And yet the gods as kindly incense take,
1 A sacrifice of an. 100. Oxen. As when the rich large 1 *Hecatombs* doe make,
Ah! more then cruell was that foe to me,
Who first my wanton lines did read to thee.
Or else my Poems, which thine honour spread,
Might with more candid censure have been read.
But thou once angry, who dare friendship show,
2 Become a I almost to my selfe 2 was turned foe,
When once a crazed house begins to reele,
The weight oth' whole, the sliding parts doe feele.
And when by some mischance the wall doth rend,
The weight it selfe make all to ruine bend.
So when thou frownedst, men gan wrest my Bookes
To hatred, and with thee, to change their lookes.
And yet there was a time, thou didst approve
My life, and gav'st an horse in pledge of love.
And though poore honesty got me little gaine,
Or honour, yet she kept me from just blame.
Poore Clients causes were to me commended,
3 The Centum viri. Which 'fore the 3 hundred judges I defended.
And private matters I so fairely judged,
That ev'n the losing parties never grudged.
And had I not at last, poore wretch offended,
Even thou thy self wouldst still have me commended.
This last undoes me: this one storme hath drownd
My barke, which had so long escaped sound.
Nor did some slender billow now distresse me,
But the whole Ocean did at once oppresse me.
Alas, why wast my luckless happe to see
A fault at unawares to ruine me!
Actæon chanc't *Diana* naked spy,
4 By's owne Dogs. Yet 4 by his hounds must poore *Actæon* die,
Belike though fortune did offend, not he,
Even chance, against the gods must treason be.
What day that fatall errour me betraid,
A small, but yet a harmelesse house decayd.
Yet, not so small, but in my fathers dayes
For best nobility it bore the praise.
And, as not wealthy, so nor poore reputed,

But

But in the middle ranke of knighthood suited.
Yet, had mine house for meanes or bloud been smal,
My wit, I'm sure, hath made it known to all.
Which, though too youthfully I usd the same,
Yet through the world doth beare a glorious Name.
And even the learned sort have *Naso* knowne,
Still ranking him with men of great renowne.
Loe then, this house thus by the Muses graced,
By one great fault of mine is sore defaced.
Yet not so false, but it may soone recover,
If *Cæsars* fury like a storme blow over.
Whose mercy in my punishment was such,
That of my feare it hath abated much.
For first, thy [1] sentence did my life forbeare
In boundlesse power, so dost thou mildnesse weare,
Nay more, (as if the gift of life were small)
Thou spared'st me my goods to live withall.
Nor by decree oth' Senate was I sent,
Or some deputed judge, to banishment.
But by thy Princely mouth, whom I offended,
I was in sharpe but royall sort condemned.
Adde, that thine Edict (though severe and sterne)
Yet gave my punishment a gentle terme,
I am not banisht, but confinde thereby,
My heavy doome in gentle termes doth lye,
Indeed to one in's wits, no greater blow
Can hap, then make so great a man [2] ones foe.
Yet gods incenst, sometimes appeased are,
A cloudy morning cleares and proveth faire.
My selfe have seene an Elme with Grapes [3] oppresst
Which erst with Lightnings had beene sore distrest,
I therefore still will hope, though thou say nay,
In this one matter I may disobey.
When I thy mildnesse view my hope is great,
Reflecting on my fault, it doth retreat.
And as the Sea with winds and tempests torne,
Are not with equall rage and fury borne,
But now the winds abate and silent stay,

1. Censure.
2. Hit.
3. Or loden.
Sim.

As they had laid their former rage away.
So do my feares still varying ebbe and flow,
Now bid me hope for grace, and now say no.
Which grace I begge, ev'n by the gods above
Who will prolong thy times, if *Rome* they love.
And by thy Country which thou rendrest blest,
Where late I was a part amongst the rest.
So mayst thou still the Cityes love inherit,
Which both thy minde and actions justly merit.
So may the Gods thy *Livia* long preserve,
Whom but thy selfe no Husband could deserve,
And but for her, thou still shouldst single be,
For none but *Livia* were a match for thee.
So may thy 1 Son be safe, and sonne and father
Governe this happy Empire long together.
And let thy 2 nephewes (that are now a staire)
Count thine and *Iulias* acts ith' kalender.
So may *Victoria* to thy tents inured,
Still to thine ensigne fly by her secured.
And hovering o're the Duke with wings outspread,
Still decke with Lawrell crowne his shining head,
By whom thou wagest warre, and dost commend
Thy Gods and state as a most trusty Friend.
Thus whilst one halfe of thee at *Rome* doth raigne,
Thy other halfe abroad doth wars maintaine.
So may he come victorious home, and ride.
Through *Rome* in crowned chariot by thy side.
O spare, I pray, those deadly darts lay downe,
Which to my sorrow I too long have knowne.
O spare thou *Pater Patriæ*, and let that name,
Cherish my hopes to gaine thy grace againe.
Nor doe I sue, my exile were repealed
Though greater sures no doubt, the gods have sealed.
Grant me but milder exile neerer home,
And it shall much asswage my heavy doome,
Who now doe suffer ev'n the worst of woes
Living so farre from home 'mong cruell foes.
Posted to 4 *Ister's* banke, (and none but I)

1 Tiberius, his adopted Sonne

2 Caius and Lucius sons of Iulia and Agrippa.

3 Drusus Germanicus brother of Tiberius.

4 Where exiled? And

And under *Vsa Minors* frost doe lye.
Where hardly can *Danubius* waters deepe
The 1 savage nations from our borders keepe.
And though for greater faults some banisht lye,
Yet no man's posted farther off then I.
For theres beyond us nought but foes and cold,
And frozen Seas detained in Icy hold.
The *Romane* part of the 2 *Euxine* here is nye,
And next to us the fell *Sarmatians* lye.
Here is the *Romane* Empires utmost bound,
This land is scarce the margin of thy ground.
This makes me crave a place of safer rest,
Lest with a double woe I be oppresst,
Exil'd from home, and fearing to be made
Captive to them whom *Ister* scarce hath stayd.
Sith Law forbids a *Roman* should endure
Barbarian chaines, while *Cæsar* lives secure.
But now? what are the crimes that me oppresse?
My verse and errour: This I must suppresse.
I dare not open *Cæsars* wound againe,
Whom, 'tis my griefe, that once I put to paine.
Th'other remaines, wherein I'm sore accused
That I my pen to teach uncleanneſſe used.
I see that heavenly brests may be deceived,
And falshood in small matters be believed.
For as high *Iove* impleid in heavenly cares,
Wants leisure to attend on slight affaires:
So, whilst this lower world thou dost dispense,
Small matters may escape thy Royall sense.
For what? shouldst thou a Potentate finde leisure
To read my verses, of 3 unequall measure?
The weight oth' *Roman* Empire's not so slight,
Nor is the burden on thy necke so light,
That thou shouldst bend thy powers to wanton rymes,
Or deigne to overlooke my fooliſh lines.
Now *Hungary*, then *Illyria* thou must tame,
Rutes and *Thracians* now rebell againe.
The *Armenian* cals for peace: the *Parthians* stand
With bended bowes, and ensignes in their hand.

Thy

190

1 Lazyges. Colchi Meteo. Getes.

2 Sea.

200

Ovids Fault. I

210

2

Ovids distinct of the second.

Non necat.

220

3 i. Elegiacke verses. Hexameter.

1 Tiberius. Thy Prowesse, in thy 1 Sonne the *Germans* feele,
Young *Cæsar* making *Cæsars* Foes to reele.
And (though our Empire never was so wide)
Thy care permits no part thereof to slide.
Of citty and of Lawes thou takest care,
And frameſt our manners by thy patterne rare.
Thou giveſt the Nations reſt, but takeſt none;
And with thy foes thy warres are never done.
Amid ſuch maſſe of cares, how thou hadſt time,
I wonder much, to reade my merry Rhyme.
Yet had thy mind (would God it had) been free,
Nought in my Art had then offended thee.
His Bookes of Love. 'Tis true, 'twas not for graver judgements penn'd,
Nor for thy reading did we them intend:
And yet they nothing teach, that croſſeth law,
2 Wives. But rather keepe the *Romane* 2 Dames in awe.
And that thou maiſt not doubt to whom I wrote,
First booke of the Art of Love. I'th' firſt of thoſe three Bookes theſe Verſes note.
"Avant ye Matrons who chaſt vayles doe beare,
"And border'd gownes downe to the ankles weare,
"Of none but lawfull ſcapes of love I ſing,
3 Art. My verſe allowes of no unlawfull thing.
Have I not baniſht from my 3 Booke all ſuch
Object. Whoſe veile and robe forbid all wanton touch?
But yet ſome Matron may abuſe mine Art,
And draw that is anothers to her part.
Anſ. 1. Then let her nothing read, ſhe may incline,
And turne to ſinne what ever ſhe doth find.
Read what ſhe will (if ſhee be ill-diſpos'd)
Her manners thence, will be to vice compos'd.
Let her the Annales take (though moſt ſevere)
How *Ilia* prov'd with child, ſhe findeth there.
If ſhe the Aeneads reade ſhee ſearcheth there,
How *Venus* did our Syre Aeneas beare.
In fitter place, I'le ſhew, how every kind
Of writing may corrupt a vicious mind.
Yet may not Bookes be blam'd or cleane refuſed,
Examples. Nothing ſo uſefull, but may be abuſed.
1 Fire though moſt needfull, yet doe ſerve the turne

Of desperate boutefewes that houses burne.
Physick which health doth bring, oft health destroies,
Teaching what herbes are good, and what annoyes.
Both honest men, and theeves themselves doe arme,
Th'one for defence, the other to doe harme.
The skill of pleading causes in distresse,
Oft doth defend the wrong and right oppresse.
E'n so my verse, who reads with honest minde,
Doubtlesse therein shall nothing hurtfull finde.
But who takes 1 hurt thereby, himselfe must shent,
Wresting my words to that they never ment.
But be it true: then seeing publicke playes,
Yeeld seedes of vice, take Stages cleane away.
The field of Mars where sundry sports are used,
Is by too many unto lust abused.
Downe with the Circus too: there danger bides,
And many a maid sits by a strangers side.
And why are 2 Galleries allow'd to walke,
Where with their lovers maids doe meet and talke,
Nay leave 3 the sacred Temples unfrequented,
Where wanton wits have trickes of love invented.
In *Ioves* owne house she standing, oft doth muse,
How *Ioue* himselfe did many Maides abuse.
And while in *Iuno's* Temples they adore,
Thinks how the Goddesse doth her 4 wrongs deplore.
And seeing *Pallas*, feares she went astray,
Because *Erichthon* she did hide away.
Comming to *Mars* his 5 Temple o're the doore,
Shee *Vulcan* spies, and *Venus Mars* his whore.
Sitting in *Isis* house askes why and how.
Iuno transformed *Io* to a Cow.
When *Venus* and *Anchises* she doth see,
She questions what may their relation be?
Of *Ceres* with *Iasius*? of the Moone,
And her perpetuall mate *Endymion*?
All these may serve a wanton mind to staine,
Yet all these Statues in their place remaine.
And my first page all honest hands removes
Farre from my Art 6 writ for meere Harlots loves.
If any one presume beyond the bownde,
The Priest assignes, she straight is guilty found.

1 Harme.

Art. 2.

2 Open walke porticus.

3 Even.

4 Harlots or Horne.

5 Tua numina.

6 Pend.

Nor

Anſ. 3. Nor iſt a crime to read a wanton booke,
1 Read. On more then they may doe, the chaſt may 1 looke.
Grave Matrons of ſevereſt brow ſurvay,
Statues which various ſhapes of luſt diſplay.
2 Of Harlots. And veſtall Virgins naked 2 Pictures view
For which the cunning workemen never rue,
Yet why ſhould I, that looſer veine approve?
Obiect. Or write a booke, t'entice to wanton love?
It was my fault, 'tis plaine; I muſt confeſſe,
Anſ. Herein my wit and judgement did tranſgreſſe.
Obiect. Why cl oſe I not to write the *Trojan* warre?
And after *Homer* fetch the *Greekes* from farre?
Why not the war of *Thebes*, whoſe ſevenfold gates,
Were dyed wth brothers blood through mortal hates
Even warlike *Rome* an ample field afforded,
I had well done, her acts to have recorded.
And *Cæſar* when thy merits ſo abounded
Some part thereof I ought to have reſounded.
And as the Sunnes bright rayes all eyes invike;
So ſhould thy deeds have drawne my Muſe to write.
The blame is cauſeleſſe, for that ſpacious field,
Anſ. Requires more ſtocke then my poore farme would
For though a cock-bote on the lake may enter, yeeld
Yet may ſhe not on the mzine Sea adventure.
And though perhaps I finde my ſlender veine
To toyes and lighter numbers may attaine,
Yet ſhouldſt thou bid me write the Gyants warre,
That weighty worke, my ſtrength would maſter far.
It is for happyer wits to ſound thy facts,
Whoſe loſty ſtraine can reach thy glorious acts.
This I attempted once, but ſtreight recoyled.
I ſaw thy worth was by my ſcribling ſpoiled.
Then to my youthfull verſe did I retire,
And wrote of love, although with fained fire.
I did not meane it, yet my deſt'ny drew me,
To ſhow my wit, in that which overthrew me.
Woes me! why was I ſet to Schoole? or why
Did tempting Bookes bewitch my curious eye?
This veine procur'd thy hate, through hard miſtruſt

My

My Art was penn'd to kindle lawlesse lust.
Yet I to Wives no stolne Delights permitted,
How could I teach what I had nere committed?
And though some Amorous verses I did frame,
Yet so, as ill report nere toucht my name.
Nor is there any marryed man at all,
That can for me his child in question call.
Trust me, my verse and manners disagree,
My life is modest, though my Muse be free.
And of my Workes the greater part is feigned,
And takes such licence as my 1 life disdayned.
Nor doth ones booke the Authours mind display,
An honest muse to please mens eares will play.
Else *Terence* were a glutton: *Accius* fell:
And they, all Souldiers, that of battels tell.
Lastly, not I alone Love-songs have framed,
Though I alone am for Love-sonnets shamed.
What doth the *Teian* Lyricke-father sing,
But *Venus* Toyes, and *Bacchus* revelings?
What taught the *Lesbian Sappho* but to love?
Yet did no censure him or her reprove.
Nor thou 2 *Callimachus*, whose Rhymes relate
Thine owne delights, didst ever purchase hate.
Pleasant 3 *Menanders* plaies with love are fraught,
And yet to boyes and girles *Menander's* taught.
What are the *Iliads*, but a shamelesse 4 whore,
For whom her Lord and Lover fought in gore?
Which first begins with 5 *Briseis* burning love,
For whom *Achilles* and the 6 Generall strove.
Whats the *Odysse*, but contentious strife,
Of sundry suitors for *Vlysses* wife?
Yea *Homer* tels how *Vulcans* snare descryed
Venus with *Mars* in leud embraces tyed.
And but for *Homer* who should ever know
That two great 7 Ladies lov'd *Vlysses* so.
Of writings, Tragedies are the gravest verse
Yet these of *Cupids* matters still rehersse.
Hippolytus was by's owne fierce 8 stepdame loved.
And by her 9 brother, *Canace* pregnant proved.

1 Selfe.
Anf.
Anf.
Nichol.
2 The seventh Battel.
3 a Comedian.
4 Helena.
5 The daughter of Chryses.
6 Agamemnon
7 Circe and Calypso.
Tragedies.
8 Phædra.
9 Macareus.

who

Who drove the Chariot but the winged boy,
1 Pistra. 2 Menelaus. When 1 *Helens* 2 husband bore her backe from Troy?
Tis love enrag'd their frenzy doth constraine,
When cruell mothers have their children slaine.
'Twas love that into birds, 3 two sisters turned,
3 Progne and Philomela. With *Tereus*, whom incestuous passion burned.
4 Atreus wife Atrope. Had not *Thyestes* wrongd 4 his brothers bed,
The Sunne had nere beene faign'd to hide his head,
Nor ere had *Scylla* climb'd the tragicke staire,
5 To Ki. Minos. 6 Ki. Nisus Had not her 5 love cut off her 6 fathers haire.
7 Two Tragedies. Who reads 7 *Electra* or *Orestes*, spies
8 The adulterer to Clytem. How *Agamemnon* by 8 *Aegysthus* dies.
Why name I 9 him that did *Chimera* tame,
9 Bellerephon. By his deceitfull 1 hostesse almost slaine?
1 Sthenobœa, 2 Atalanta. Or why *Hermione*? or the 2 nimble maid?
3 Of Mycenæ. Or *Phœbus* Nun, whose love a 3 Captaine staid?
Or *Danaus* fifty daughters? *Bacchus* mother?
4 When he got Hercules of Alcmena. Or *Ioves* 4 two nights conjoyned each to other?
Or *Pelias* Son? or *Theseus*? or the *Greekes*,
Who first arriv'd at *Troy* with *Grecian* fleet?
Adde *Dole Pyrrhus* mother, *Hercules* wife,
Hylas, and *Paris* who set all at strife.
But should I here pursue these Tragicke flames,
My booke would scarce containe their empty names.
Thus Tragedy to wanton laughters bends,
And many shamefull words 5 obscenely spends.
5 Or too freely or broadly. The Author's free, who sterne *Achilles* frames,
Softning his martiall deeds with musicke straines.
Nor yet was *Aristides* ere exiled,
6 Of Mileton. Though he his owne and 6 neighbours faults compiled.
Nor looser *Eubius* an historian vile,
Who teaches how the fruite oth' wombe to spoyle.
Nor he that *Sybaries* of late composed;
Nor they that have their owne base lusts disclosed.
Nay these ith' publicke Libraries do stand
For common use, by Benefactours hand.
Nor doe I onely plead outlandish Authours,
Our *Roman* bookes of liberty are Pautors.
For as great *Ennius* doth of warres discourse,
(whose

(Whose wit is great although his art be course)
And *Lucrece* doth explaine with spirit of fire,
How [1] three first causes to the world conspire.
So doth *Catullus* of his Mistresse sing,
And under *Lesbias* name, her prayses ring.
Not so content, his muse doth nothing shame,
His owne and others whoredomes to proclame.
And no whit lesse is little *Calvus* bold,
In various kinds his looseneſſe to unfold.
Of *Ticidas* and *Memmius* I might talke,
Whose tongues of fowlest matters loosly walke.
And like to these, *Cinna* and *Anser* doe,
And *Cornificius* and *Cato* too.
And he that lately feign'd *Perilla's* name,
But as *Metellus* now doth owne the same.
He likewise that of *Iasons* voyage singes,
Could not conceale his owne stolne wantonings.
Hortensius too, and *Servius* are as bad,
And who but feare, that such examples had?
Sisenna Aristides hath translated,
And in his story filthy jests related.
And *Gallus* too unblam'd, doth praise his wench.
Save that his tongue runs ore, on's taverne bench.
Tibullus writes. Hee'll trust no womans oath,
She'l gull her husband when she breakes her troth,
He traines them how their Keeper to beguile,
(Yet sweares himselfe is cosend by that wile)
And how soft touches of her hand to steale,
Making excuses to her Ring or Seale,
And how he talk's by privy markes sometimes,
And on the table drew his [2] circled signes.
What supple oyle will that same blearnesse cure,
Which to their lips much kissing doth procure,
And how [3] he oft the wittoll husband prayes,
To looke more strictly to him and his [4] strayes.
He tels her how to know his drawing neere,
When the dog barkes, or she doth coughing heare.
Many such slippery trickes his writings teach
How women may their husbands over-reach.

Lucretius.
1 Three principles.
Catullus.
Calvus.
Ticidas.
Memmius.
Cinna.
Anser.
Cornificius.
Cato.
Metellus.
Hortensius.
Servius.
Sisenna.
Gallus.
Lycoris.
Tibullus.
2 Secret.
3 Or the
4 Wives.

Yet is *Tibullus* safe, may read and knowne,
And since thou canst toth' Crown is famous growne.
Thou'lt finde the same *Propertius* wanton veine,
Yet doth no blame his reputation staine.
These I succeeded; for good manners will
I should suppresse their names are living still.
God knowes I little feard to suffer wracke,
Where all these ships had made a common tracke.
Others have publisht now the Art of dice,
Which in your fathers dayes was held a vice.
And teach to make the Cockbones higher run,
And how the losing casts and blankes to shun.
And how to cog and strike the nimble Dye,
To run the chance that you may gaine thereby.
And how at Cheste, a winning battell make,
And play your men where none may vantage take.
And how the painted Souldier walkes his Line,
But he is lost whom two oe's foes entwine.
And how to chase, how to retire, and then
To backe and second still your managen.
Others the childish game of three stones show,
Where he doth win that rankes them on a row.
Others at other games doe teach to play,
Whereby we spend our precious hours away.
This man the Art of Tennis play doth write,
Th'other of Tops, the third of swimming slight.
Here one the skill of painting faces Prints,
Th'other the lawes of Cookes and feasts invents.
A third, the best Perfumes all doth assigne,
And which doth best set forth the sparkling wine.
These are the spoiling games of cold December,
Which all men study more and more remember.
These of my merry Verses were the cause,
But to my sweet-meats I have bitter sauce:
Of all these Writers, loe, I see not one,
Whose Muse hath broke his backe, but mine alone:
If I had a Mimicks part, of Scurrill straine,
Which feigned Lust and Ribaldry contains,
Wherein the Adulterer homes the Husbands head,
And crafty Wives abuse their Husbands bed,
Both young and old, both Matrons, Men and Maids,

Propertius.
Tibullus.
Ovid.
Tesera.
Merils.
Christmas games
Wanton acts of Comedy.

And

And many Senators would have seene them playd.
Yet there with brothel words the eares are tainted,
And the eyes with shamefull obiects are acquainted.
And when the Husband slily is deceived,
The Poet is with great applause received.
Yea, ev'n the worse he writes, the more his gaines.
The *Prætor* dearest payes for loosest straines.
Looke over, *Cæsar*, thine accounts of Playes, *Ludi Augustales.*
For many such thy free Exchequer paies.
These thou beholdest, and bringst to publicke view,
So dost thou Majesty and mildnesse shew.
Yea with those eyes, by which the world doth see,
Hast grac't these Scenicke sleights, with merry glee.
If then these Mimickes leud men safely write, 1 Whoredomes.
Why might not I my chaster verse indite?
Or i'st their stage which doth these bandes excuse? *Obiect.*
And warrants them to vent their Scurrill muse?
So have my Poems both beene danc't and sung *Ans.*
In *Cæsars* presence, with applause and throng.
And as within thy palace there doe stand
The ancient Worthies wrought by cunning hand;
So there's a little Table hanging by,
Which various formes of venery doth descry.
And as there *Ajax* sits in ragefull guise,
And fierce *Medea* with her murdring eyes,
Ev'n so moist *Venus* dryes her dropping haire,
As naked from the Sea she doth repaire.
Others doe sing of *Mars*, and bloody skars,
And sound thy kindred, and thy valiant wars.
Me envious nature scants, and thought it fit
To measure me a weake and slender wit. *Virgil.*
And yet thy *Virgil*, who with happy skill,
Compos'd the *Æneids*, hath not thought it ill
To bring his 2 man at armes to *Didoes* bed, 2 *Arma virumque.*
And this of all his worke is oftnest read.
Nay in his youth, he sporting sung of *Phyllis*,
In pleasant Eclogues, and sweete *Amarillis*. *Eccloct.*
Besides, my fault is done, and past long since,
And now I suffer for an old offence.

My booke was written, when on horſebacke I
Before thee 1 then *Romes* Cenſour paſſed by.
What I a yong man wrote, 2 free and ſecure,
For theſe, now I am old, I ſmart endure.
My 3 childiſh booke is now reveng'd too late,
I ſuffer for a fault that's out of date.
Nor thinke that all my workes are light and vaine,
Oft I have laboured in an higher ſtraine.
The *Roman* Kalender and feaſts I wrote,
Where every booke a ſeverall month doth note,
That worke I ſacred to thy Princely name,
Though fate forbids me to conclude the ſame.
I pend a regall Tragedy one while,
In lofty words which ſute a Tragicke ſtile.
Then wrote of changed ſhapes with great delight,
Which work perfection wants through fortunes ſpite
4 Would God thine anger would ſo farre abate,
As but to heare what I doe there relate.
How from the time the infant world begun,
To *Cæſars* dayes I have thy ſtory ſpun.
There thou ſhalt ſee how thou haſt given me might,
And with what favour I thy prayſes write.
Nor vexe I any man with bitter gall,
My verſes are not Satyre-tooth'd at all,
My gentle veine all brinish girds deteſts.
Nor would I any man with venome-jeſts,
Mongſt all the throngs of People, none is found,
whom my 5 Calliope, but my ſelfe doth wound.
There's not a Roman then, as I beleive,
Rejoyces at my fall, but thouſands grieve,
I thinke there's no man triumphs at my fall.
That doth my Candor to remembrance call,
Oh let theſe reaſons then with many more,
Thy mind aſſwage, thy mercy I implore
O thou thy Countries Father, care, and friend
On whom the publicke ſafety doth depend.
Nor i'ſt my ſuite, I may returne againe,
And yet thou maiſt at length repent my paine,
I onely ſafer place of exile crave,
That mine offence may equall cenſure have.

The end of the ſecond Booke, containing 584. verſes.

LIB.

Delicta nostra. And thought

Ancient.

550

2 Bookes Fastorum.

Medea.

Metamorphoses.

560

4 O would.

570

5 My muſe.

The conclusion

580

Here to the Reader, doth the Booke complaine,
How being strange it met with much disdaine.

Argu.

LOe I an Exiles booke doe trembling come,
Sent from my Master now to visit *Rome*:
And being tyred quite, by sea and land,
Reader, I crave safe harbour in thine hand.
Nor feare lest I should worke thee any shame,
This paper doth 1 not one Love-verse containe.
Nor were it for my Masters fortune fit,
Hé should disguise it by a jesting wit.
Those wanton lines his greener youth did vent,
He now (alas, too late) doth sore repent.
See what I bring: heres nought but mourning lines
And verses suiting well my dismall times,
And that each other verse doth halting goe,
Short feet and journies length doe cause it so.
And that no trimming doth my leaves adorne,
It is because my Master's all forlorne.
And that my Letters are distain'd with blots,
Mine Authors teares have made these frequent spots.
If any words thou scarse dost understand.
Know they were written in a barbarous land.
Now tell me, gentle Readers, where to goe.
Some place of harbour to a stranger show.
Thus having closely spoke, with stammering tongue,
I scarce found one would say, come goe along.
God grant thee in thy Country happy life,
And much unlike my Masters voyd of strife.
Lead on before, Ile follow as I may,
Tyred with travaile, and a tedious way.
Then on he went, there's the Law Court quoth he,
And this the holy streete, where now we be.
That's *Vestaes* Temple with her sacred fire:
In this small court old *Numa* did retire.
There on the right hand, stands the Palace gate,
There Romulus first did found the Roman state,
Wondring at all, I goodly buildings spy,
Where glistring armes adorn'd the Porches high.
Doubtlesse quoth I, this is the house of Love,
These Oken garlands my conjecture move.

1 No verse of Love.

In penta meters.

Fora. Via sacra.

Porta palatina.

Saith he, tis *Cæsars*, both are true quoth I,
For *Cæsar* shares with *Iove* in Majesty.
But why do Lawrell bough! es these Porches shade?
And circling garlands of the Lawrell made?
I'st cause this house deserves triumphant Rayes?
Or 'tis most deere unto the 1 god of bayes?
Or cause it keepes and makes a joyfull feast?
Or doth it note the publicke peacefull rest?
Or that this royall house shall flourish ever,
Even as the Bay doth fresh and greene persever?
And loe the Motto ore the wreath engraved,
Showes how his subjects by his power are saved.
To all the rest (mild *Cæsar*) adde one more,
Who lyes expulsed on the *Getick* shore,
The cause of whose distresse, though justly due,
From no offence but from his errour grew.
VVoes me! this Princely Pallace makes me quake,
And every Letter through my feare doth shake.
See how the bloudlesse paper waxeth pale,
And how each other verses feete do faile.
O yet at length let me this pallace see:
To my deare Master reconciled be.
From thence to *Phœbus* Temple we repaire,
By the ascent of many a stately staire.
VVhere stand in statues made of forraine stone,
The fifty daughters of one 2 Sire alone.
And there lye open to the publicke view,
3 Learnings brave monuments both old and new.
Here I my brethren sought, excepting those,
VVhich brought their Father to these endlesse woes.
But whilst in vaine I sought a little space,
The keeper thrust me from that sacred place.
Thence to the Temple I repaire that's joynd
Close to the Theater, but cold welcome finde.
For from the common Libraries outward 4 yard,
Where learned Authors stand I am debard.
Our fathers fortune we his Sonnes inherit,
And suffer th' exile which himselfe did merit.
Cæsar perhaps when time allaies his mind,

And

40 The Triumphant Lawrell. Civica corona.

1 Apollo god of learning and Poetry.

50

60

2 Danaus and his fifty daughters.

3 Library.

70

4 Scena avia.

Both unto us and him will prove more kind.
Subscribe ye Gods to this my earnest call,
But chiefly Cæsar greatest God of all.
For to invoke the vulgar gods were vaine,
Whose favour cannot free me from my paine.
Meane while, since publicke stations are deny'd me,
Let me within some private corner hide me.
And take me, meane Plebeians, in your hand,
Who, I being repulsed, doe confounded stand.

That.

ELEGIE. 2.

Our Poet here his exile doth deplore, Argu.
Desiring Death would ope its Iron doore.

WAs it my destiny then the Scythes to see,
Whose Zenith is the Northerne Axletree:
And would not you sweete Muses, nor Apollo,
Helpe him who still your learned rites did follow:
Nor could my harmelesse verses me excuse:
And life more serious then my jesting muse.
But having suffered sore by sea and land,
I'm now expos'd to *Pontus* frozen strand.
Yea I, who still my selfe from cares withdrew,
Lov'd quiet ease, hard labour never knew,
Do now endure the very worst of ill,
And neither travell nor rough Seas can kill.
Yea and my mind holds out, and still I find
My body gathers hardnesse from my mind.
Whilst I was sayling towards mine exile,
I did with verse my feares and cares beguile,
But to my journeyes end once being come,
The resting place of mine appointed doome,
I fell to teares, which from mine eyes did flow,
Like waters running from the vernall snow.
Then *Rome* and house & friends came fresh to mind,
And all the comforts I had left behind.
VVoes me! that at the woefull gate oth' grave,
So oft I knocke, yet can no entrance have:
O why have I so oft escap'd the sword?
And raging tempests will no death afford?
Ye gods, that prove too constant in your ire,
And in revenge with *Cæsar* still conspire,
I pray you hasten on my lingring fate,
And cause my grave to ope her closed gate.

My labour d

ELE-

ELEGIE. 3.

Argu. *He lets his wife his sickneſſe underſtand,*
And craveth burial in his native land.

DEare Wife if thou coſt all amazed ſtand,
My letter's written with a ſtrangers hand,
Know I am ſicke in vtmoſt parts, and lye,
Exceeding doubtfull of recovery.
What comfort, think'ſt thou, can poore *Ovid* take,
Among theſe direfull *Getes* and *Sauromates*?
Whoſe nature doth not with this aire agree,
Nor doth their ſoyle or waters ſute with me,
Mine houſe is poore, God knowes, my diet bad,
And for mine health no Phyſicke can be had.
No friend to comfort, or by night or day,
With good diſcourſe to paſſe the houres away.
But lying ſicke in ſolitary wiſe,
My muſing thoughts on many things deviſe.
But thou, my deareſt Wife, within my breſt,
The chiefeſt place doſt hold, above the reſt.
For on thine abſent name my tongue doth walke,
Of thee alone both night and day I talke.
Yea even when ſickneſſe doth diſtract my wits,
They ſay I talke of thee in raving fits.
Nay ſhould I deadly faint, and ſound ſo ſore,
That ſcarce hot water could my ſpeech reſtore.
Yet knowing thou wert come, I ſhould revive:
Thy very preſence would new vigour give,
But whilſt I here in doubt of life doe lye,
Thou knowing nought, perhaps liv'ſt merrily.
No, no, I am reſolv'd that thou deare wife,
I being abſent lead'ſt a mourners life.
Yet, if my thread of life the fates have ſpun,
And that my terme of yeares [1] muſt ſhortly come.
Graunt me, a dying man, O Gods, to have,
Within my native ſoyle a ſorry grave.
Mine exile might till death have beene delaid,
Or ſudden death my banishment have ſtaid.
Oh happy death, while I did upright ſtand
Now muſt I periſh in a forraigne land.

[1] Is almoſt done.

And

And must I thus farre off resigne my breath?
Where even the place addes sorrow to my death?
And languish thus on an unwonted bed
Where none shall mourne over my dying head?
Nor yet thy teares upon my face may fall
Which might my fleeting soule a while recall?
Nor may I make a will? nor with sad cryes,
Some friendly hand close up my dying eyes!
But without funerall teares or honoured grave,
Vild barbarous earth shall this my carcase have?
This, when thou hear'st, thou'lt be with griefe op-
And in great passion beate thy throbbing breast. (prest
Stretching thine hands towards these parts in vaine,
Still calling on thy husbands empty name.
Yet spare to teare thy haire or cheekes for me.
Who am not now first tane away from thee.
Suppose me dead when I was banished first,
That was my first decease, and farre the worst,
Yea rather, if thou canst, Rejoyce deare heart,
That death will end at once my tedious smart
At least, beare up thine heart, this well thou maist,
Having beene so inur'd to evils past.
And would my soule might with my breath expire,
And no part might survive my funerall fire.
For if our spirits live when we are dead,
According to *Pythagoras* holy read,
My *Roman* soule with *Geticke* ghosts must wander.
And 'mong those cruell spirits live a stranger.
Yet let my bones be laid in some small urne,
That after I am dead I may returne.
Tis not forbidden, this, and though it were,
Her brothers corps the *Theban* bid interre.
Then in the Suburbs let them lye at rest,
With flowers and spices having first beene drest.
And grave these Verses plainely on my tombe,
That all may read them as they passe along.

I NASO, that erst wrote of wanton love,
Lye here interr'd, my wit my bane did prove:
Thou that hast beene in Love and yeelded by,
Pray still that Naso's bones may softly lye.

He held the soule immortal

Ovids Epitaph

This

This is enough for that: my bookes will be
My liveleyer monument to posterity.
They harm'd me once, yet will they raise my name,
And gaine their Authour an enduring fame.
Present thou at my herse due funeral Rites,
And let thy teares my garland all bedight.
For though the fire my corpes to ashes burne,
Yet will thy love be grateſull to my urne.
I more would write but that my voyce is spent,
And tongue too dry to dictate what I ment.
Take then my dying farewell: live in health,
Which he that sends to thee, doth want himselfe.

ELEGIE. 4.

Argu. *He doth advise his friend, if he be wise,*
The acquaintance of the mighty to despise.

MY ever loved friend, yet now best knowne,
Since my estate was sunke and overthrowne.
If thou wilt credit thine experienc't friend,
Live private and from great ones thee defend.
Live to thy selfe, and glistring gallants shun,
From glistering Towers the cruell thunders come.
For though the great have power to doe us good,
They'l sooner hurt then helpe us, as they should.
Simil. The naked Sayleyard dreads no winter stormes,
But largest sayles still meete with greatest harmes.
Sim. Thou seest how Corke doth on the water flow,
When heavy lead doth sinke the net below.
Had I forewarned been of this in time,
I had till now enjoy'd *Romes* happy clime.
For whilst I sayld with thee, with gentle gale,
Through quiet streames my Boate did safely sayle.
And he that Fal's by chance upon the plaine,
Sim. Falling but low may quickly Rise againe,
Exam. But poore *Elpenor* falling from on high,
His wailing ghost *Styges* did espy.
How wast that *Dædalus* wings did safely flye,
Exam. When *Icarus* in the Sea doth drowned lye.
The Son did flie aloft, the Father low,
Whilst through the aire with borrowed wings they

Truſt me, the private life is moſt ſecure.
Let every man within his bounds indure,
1 *Eumedes* Sonne had not untimely dyed,
But that *Achilles* horſes he would guide.
Merops had not his ſcorched Sonne lamented,
If 2 *Phaethon* had with *Merops* beene contented.
Beware, my friend how thou doſt ſoare aloft,
Contract thy ſaile, and curbe thy aſpiring thoughts.
Th'art worthy to enjoy a proſperous fate,
And well deſerv'ſt an inoffenſive ſtate.
Which I to wiſh for thee, am ever bound,
Whoſe faith I have ſo firme and conſtant found.
For at my fall, I ſaw how thou didſt mourne,
Even as thine owne and not anothers turne.
I ſaw thy teares which on my face did fall,
And dranke at once thy words and teares withall.
And for thine abſent friend doſt labour ſtill,
To lighten ſomewhat his unbounded ill.
Live without envy: and obſcurely ſpend
Thy quiet yeares: ſeeke out for equall friends.
And love thy *Naſos* name: that's all that's left,
Vnbanniſhed: *Pontus* the reſt hath reft.
A Land that lyes next to the Northern 3 Pole.
A land that's frozen with congealing cold.
Beyond it *Tanais* and the *Boſphor* runne,
And a few places that are ſcarely knowne.
Paſt which unhabitable cold doth lye,
Woes me the end oth' world ſhould be ſo nigh.
But Wife and Country deare are abſent farre,
And whatſoever elſe beloved are.
All which, though to my ſenſe they abſent be,
Yet in my minde I doe them plainely ſee.
My houſe, the City and each ſeverall place,
And all their actions ſtand before my face.
The Image of my wife, me thinkes I ſee.
Which doth increaſe and eaſe my miſery.
Her abſence cauſeth griefe, but then againe
It joyes my heart ſhe doth ſo 4 firme remaine.
And you my friends are fixed in my breſt,

1 Automedon driver of Ach. Chariot.

2 Pha. would be Son to Phœbus not to Merops, and was burnt.

3 Beare.

4 Loyall.

Whose names I wish might safely be expresst.
1 Doth my desire or good will. But wary feare my 1 duty doth restraine,
I thinke your selves doe wish I should refraine.
Indeed time was, when you well pleased were,
That in my verse your names should still appeare.
But, (now I'm loth to give you cause of feare)
Ile greete you in my thought but names forbeare.
Nor shall my verse disclose my secret friends,
2 But let them. 2 So they will love me closely to the end.
Yet know, though I from you be far remote,
That you are never absent from my thought.
O strive I pray to ease my grievous paine,
And lend your hand to raise me once againe,
So may your fortune still continue blest,
Nor ever need to make the like request.

Argu. ELEGIA 5.

Our Poet here one Charus doth commend.
Who still had shew'd himselfe a stedfast friend.

THe use of friendship twixt us two was small,
Thou might'st affirme that it was none at all,
Hadst thou not lov'd me with a faithfull minde,
Then when my ship did sayle with prosperous wind.
But at my fall when all men shund my wracke,
And many seeming friends did turne their backe.
Yet thou wast bold, to come even to my doore,
My thunderstrucken fortune to deplore.
Yea in our new acquaintance thou didst show,
More love, then many ancient friends would doe.
I saw thy lookes amaz'd and overthrowne,
Flowing with teares and paler then mine owne.
I saw thy teares at every word distill,
So that my mouth and eares both dranke their fill.
And while thy friendly armes my neeke embraced,
Thy kisses with thy sobs were interlaced.
Yea thou upholdest still my absent name,
My Charus, this thou knowst must be thy name.
Some other pledges of thy Love there were,
Which I shall ever in remembrance beare,
The gods still make thee able to defend,
Although with more successe, thy other friends.

If thou enquireſt (as I thinke thou doſt)
ow I poore wretch doe fare ith' *Geticke* coaſt.
ne ſparke of hopeleſſe hope I ſtill retaine
h' offended powres may be appeas'd againe.
y be 'tis vaine, yet it may fall out true,
nd that it may, performe what lies in you.
mploy thy noble faculty of ſpeech,
o ſhow 'tis Reaſon which I do beſeech.
The greateſt ſpirits the ſoone are appeaſed
nd wrath in generous minds is ſooneſt releaſed,
Lyon, when his prey doth proſtrate lye,
oth ſtreight forbeare his ſuppliant enemy.
t wolves and beares and each ignoble breſt,
ith cruelty purſues the Dying beaſt.
ho ſtouter then *Achilles* doth appeare?
et 1 he was 2 melted with King *Priam's* teares.
h' *Emathian* Captaines clemency is knowne,
y *Porus* exequies and the funerall mone.
nd not to mention humane rage growne mild,
ven *Iuno's* foe, her ſon in Law is ſtil'd.
cannot then but hope for calmer time,
ho am in trouble for no heinous crime.
did no treaſon plot 'gainſt *Cæſars* life,
hereby to ſet the headleſſe world at ſtrife.
or treaſon ſpake: or let my laviſh tongue,
mid my cups of dangerous matters run.
ſuffer, 'cauſe I chanc't a fault to ſpy,
o that my crime doth in mine eyeſight lie.
know I cannot wholly be defended,
et plead 'twas chance, no ill was then intended.
ine hope is then that *Cæſar* will accord,
ome eaſier place of exile to afford.
O that the morning ſtarre which day renues,
ith poſting ſpeed would bring ſuch happy newes.

1 Was he.
2 Conquerd.

ELEGIE 6.

He writes this Elegy to a ſingular friend, And doth to him, his woefull ſtate commend.

Argu.

VI league of friendſhip, ſure thou'lt not deny,
Or, if thou wouldſt, it cannot hidden lye.
or, whilſt we might, no Citizen was to me

1 I the like to thee. More deare then thou; and 1 who but I with thee?
And this our friendſhip was ſo famous growne,
That more then we our ſelves, our love was knowne.
So that even he on whom thine hopes depend,
Tooke notice of thy candor to thy friend.
Thou from my knowledge nothing didſt conceale,
But even thy greateſt ſecrets didſt reveale.
And I to thee alone, my ſecrets all,
Diſclos'd, excepting that which caus'd my fall.
Which hadſt thou knowne, then I had ſafe remained,
And by thy friendly counſell beene ſuſtained.
But ſure my fates that did to ruine hale me.
Did cloſe up all the waie, that ſhould availe me.
Whether, with care I might this ill have ſhun'd;
Or that no wit can deſtiny overcome.
Yet thou who of my long acquaintance art,
And in my love doſt hold the chiefeſt part.
Be mindfull ſtill, I pray, and do thy beſt,
That I may be, at leaſt in part releaſt.
And *Cæſars* anger being turn'd to grace,
Mine exile may be eas'd with change of place.
The rather, ſince I did no harme deviſe,
But all my fault from errour did ariſe.
Twere tedious and unſafe to ſhow the chance,
Whereby mine eyes did on that miſchiefe glance;
My mind abhorreth on that time to muſe.
At every thought hereof my griefe renues.
And 'tis but fit thoſe things which bluſh at Light.
2 Obſcureſt. Should lie concealed in 2 Aeternall night.
This then is all I'le ſay. I was to blame,
Yet had I no reward whereat to aime.
So that if truth may have its proper name,
No crime but folly meerely caus'd my blame.
But if I lye, let me be baniſht 3 ſo
3 So fer. 4 Of ſhow- Where *Pontus* may for City ſuburbs 4 goe.

ELEGIE 2.

Argu. *He ſends this Letter to Perilla her friend, With charge to tell her what his fate ſtill commands.*

GOe ſudden Letter as my faithfull hande,
5 Reigne. Salute *Perilla* and 5 impart my minde.

Thou't

Thou'le finde her ſitting by her mothers ſide,
Or with her bookes and muſes ſhe doth bide.
What ere ſhees doing, knowing thou art there,
Sheele ſoone breake off, and aske thee, how I cheare.
Tell her, I live, yet wiſhing 'twere not ſo,
Since length of time doth nothing eaſe my woe.
That to my harmefull muſe I turne afreſh,
Contriving words into 1 elegiacke verſe.

1 Alternall.

Then aske her, ſaying, doſt thou ſtill apply
Our commune ſtudies, Greekiſh Poely?
For bounteous nature, as ſhee fram'd thee faire,
Gave thee chaſte manners, and a wit moſt rare.
This to the Muſes well, I firſt did traine
Leaſt ſuch a flowing ſtreame ſhould run in vaine.
This in my tender yeares I firſt eſpyde,
And father-like was both my friend and guide.
And then thou waſt to me ſurpaſſing kinde.
Though time perhaps hath ſithence chang'd my mind
If then 2 thoſe ſparkes of wit in thee remaine,
Thera's none but *Lesbia* hath an higher ſtraine.

2 That ſparkling wit.

Bdt ſince my fatall ruine I ſuſpect,
Thou doſt thy wit and Poetry neglect.
For whilſt we might, we read each others lines,
And I was judge and maſter oftentimes.
For to thy new-made verſe I lent an eare,
Or made thee bluſh, when ſloth made thee forbeare,
But now through feare perchance thoult verſes ſhun,
Leſt with thy Tutour, thou ſhouldſt be undone.
Feare not *Penilla*, onely carefull prove,
Thy writings doe not teach the Art of Love.
But ſetting ſloth and all excuſe apart,
Returne wiſe Virgin to thy ſacred Art,
That comely viſage time will ſoone defeate,
And aged wrinckles will thy beauty diſgrace.
And waſting age which creepes with ſilent pace,
Will ſeaze his talents on thy beauties grace.
And when they ſay, thou once waſt comely faire,
Thoult thinke with griefe, thy glaſſes lyars are.
Thou haſt a good eſtate, and worthy more.

But

But yet suppose thou hadst rich *Cræsus* store.
Fortune, even when she list will give and take,
And of a *Cræsus*, soone an *Irus* make.
What ever we enjoy, we mortall finde,
Except the rich endowments of the minde.
Loe I, that want my Country, house and thee,
Am stript of all that can be pluckt from me;
My wit and learned parts doe still retaine,
On these *Augustus* power could not distraine.
50. Yea should a bloudy sword 1 my life deprive,
1 This. Yet after death my fame shall still survive.
And while stout *Rome* lists up her seav'n-hild head
Over the conquerd world, shall I be read.
Doe thou likewise outlive thy funerall fires,
Whose prosperous studies *Ovid* much desires.

ELEGIE. 8.

Our Poet here doth much desire that he,
Argu. *Might once againe his friends and Country see.*

2 Now would faine *Triptolemus* Carre ascend,
2 O that I could. Who first did seed unknowne to th'earth commend:
I would *Medeas* flying Dragons guide,
As when from *Corinth* Castle she did ride.
I now would wish for *Perseus* wings to flye,
Or those which *Dædalus* us'd to mount the skye.
That gliding through the ayre with flickering royle,
I might eftsoones review my native soyle.
And my forsaken house once more behold,
And chiefly in mine armes my wife enfold.
10 But fondling why in vaine dost wish to see,
That which thou know'st can never never be?
Wilt thou needs wish? *Augustus* power adore,
And his incensed Deity implore.
He can both wings and flying Carre bestow,
At his release thou'lt homeward flying goe.
Should I for this so great a favour crave,
'Tis more I feare then modesty would have.
In time perchance, when's anger is allayd,
20 This humble suite to Cæsar may be made.
Meane while He take it for an ample grace,
If I may be assign'd some other place.

For

For here nor heav'n nor earth, water or aire,
Agree with me: they all my health impaire.
Whether my inward griefes my ſpirits kill,
Or that this ſoyle and clymate 1 cauſe my ill,
For ſince I came to *Pontus*, I waxe leane,
Diſtaſting meat, and vext with nightly dreames.
My colour's waxen pale like Autumne leaves,
Which of their freſhneſſe winters cold bereaves.
My ſtrength is gone, my bodies full of paine,
And ſtill of ſome diſtemper I complaine,
I'm neither well in body nor in minde,
But ſicke in both, I double ſorrow finde.
And ſtill my fortune ſtands before mine eyes,
Of ghaſtly ſhapes, compos'd of miſeries.
And when I view this People and the place,
And weigh my breeding with my preſent caſe.
I with for death, and of my 2 Iudge complaine,
That rid me not at once of life and paine.
But ſince his wrath was then to mildneſſe bent,
Let him now grant me gentler baniſhment.

1 Suite me, or worke my.

2 Cæſar.

ELEGIE. 9.

Argu.

Here Ovid takes occaſion to explaine,
Whence Tomos City firſt receiv'd the name.

EVen here, among theſe Townes of barbarous kind
(Who could beleive it) we *Greeke* Cities find.
Hither a Colony from 3 *Mileton* came,
And 'mongſt theſe *Getes*, a *Greekiſh* City frame.
But long before 'twas built, this place retaines,
Still from 4 *Abſyrtus* death, the ancient 5 name.
For in the 6 ſhip by *Pallas* counſell made,
(Which in th' untryed Seas firſt paſſage had)
Medea leud, while ſhe her 7 Sire forſakes,
Vnto this ſhore, they ſay, her Oares betakes.
A watchman from an hill her Sire doth ſpy
8 Stranger (quoth he) the Colchians hither hye.
The Minyæ are afraid, and dare not ſtay,
But ſtreight their ropes unlooſe, and Anchors weigh.
Conſcious Medea ſtrikes her guilty breſt,
With her moſt impious hand to miſchiefe preſt.
And though ſhe were of moſt undanted ſpirit,
Yet waxed pale, through guilt of her 9 demerit.

3 a City in Aſia.

4 Medeas brother.

5 Tomos.

6 Argonavis the firſt ſhip.

7 Aeta King of Colchis.

8 Medea or Iaſon you are purſued.

9 Betraying the Golden fleece to Iaſon.

By some ght. And when she spyed the approaching ship she said,
W'are taken, if my Father be not staid,
And whilst in musing sort she doth devise,
By fatall chance, her Brother she espies.
Whom when she saw, now are we safe, quoth she,
My Brothers ruine shall my safety be.
Forthwith, whilst he, poore soule did nothing feare,
Her bloody sword his ha melesse brest doth teare.
And with his mangled limbs she strowes the ground,
That being disperst, they might be slowly found.
Yet, that her Father might the slaughter know,
His hands and bloody head she sets to show.
With this new griefe to stay her wrathfull Father,
Whilst he *Absyrtus* scattered quarters gather.
Hence is this City styled by the name
Of *Tomos*, a cutting, from this ancient fame,
That here *Medea*, to all ages wonder,
Her murdred Brothers limbs did cut in sunder.

ELEGIE. 10.

Argu. *The place and people where he doth abide,*
Our Poet here doth mournefully describe.

IF any there remember *Naso's* name,
And still my memory doth in *Rome* remaine.
Know that I live within a barbarous clyme,
Subjected to the Beare, or Northerne signe.
The *Getes* and *Sauromates* our coast surround,
Whose names, me thinkes, in verse doe rudely sound.
Ith' Summer time, *Ister* defends from warre,
For with his liquid streames we parted are.
But when sad Winter shewes his louring face,
And th' earth is whited o're with Icy glasse,
And *Boreas* broken loose doth scatter snow,
Then doth this climate wondrous dismall show.
The Snow lies here, unthaw'd of Sunne or raine.
Which hardned by the wind doth long remaine.
Then new, still falling, ere the old be gone,
Here snow of two yeares old is often knowne,
And with that violence *Boreas* oft doth blow,
That Towres and Houses he doth overthrow.
With skins and mantles people fence the cold,
So as you scarcely can their face behold.
Ice sickles ruffle on their rugged haire,

And

And with the froſt their beards all whited are.
The frozen wines, retaine the Veſſels ſhape,
Of which inſtead of drau_hts they peices take.
And how their Rivers freeze, I neede not tell,
Nor how they dig their water from the Well.
Iſter it ſelfe, which I like [1] *Nilus* deeme,
Whoſe many mouthes into the Ocean ſtreame,
Hath its blew waters with the windes congeal'd,
And under th' Ice ſlides into th'Sea conceal'd?
Where ſhips did ſayle, now men and women walke,
And horſes hooves o're frozen waters ſtalke.
And *Getiske* Oxen draw their waggons over,
Theſe new-made bridges which the waters cover.
You'l ſcarce beleev't, yet I your faith require,
Since by untruthes I can expect no hyre.
I've ſeene the very Seas with Ice congeal'd,
And ſlippery glaſſe their ſilent water ſeal'd.
Nor onely ſeene it, but have walkt thereon,
And many thouſands there have dryſhod gone.
Hadſt thou *Leander* ſuch a Sea obtain'd,
Then had not *Helleſpont* with thy death been ſtaynd.
Our crooked Dolphins cannot take the aire,
The Ice forbids them upward to repaire.
And though the winds with bluſtring wings reſound
Yet on the waters are no billowes found.
Our ſhips incloſ'd in Ice like marble ſtood,
Nor can the Oares divide the ſtubborne flood.
I've ſeene the fiſhes ſticke in Ice faſt bound,
In part of whom ſome ſparke of life were found.
But whether *Boreas* with his freezing force,
Had bound the Sea, or ſtopt the [2] Rivers courſe,
Forthwith, when froſt had *Iſters* ſtreames made plain
The barbarous foes come riding in amaine.
And being skild in horſeman-ſhip and bow,
They waſte the Country whereſoere they goe.
The people flying nere defend their fields,
And ſo their wealth unguarded pillage yeelds.
The Country wealth is ſmall, ſheepe, Oxen, waines,
And ſuch poore ſtuffe as in their ſhads remaines.
The people, ſome are bound and captiveled,

[1] The River bearing Raſh or Paper.

He was droun'ned there in ſwimming to Hero.

[2] Blue or Dan'bie.

Homeward in vaine turning their fearefull head.
Others with barbed Arrowes poysoned head,
Are cruelly dispatcht, and fall downe dead,
But what they cannot carry, that they strey.
Making the sheds in fiery flames to fry.
Yea even in times of peace we battaile feare,
And no man dares his grounds with plowshare eare.
The foe is ever seene, or feared here
And so the land lyes waste, through daily feare.
No Vines are here covered with Viny shade,
Nor vessels swelling full of wines new made.
Here growes no fruite: nor could *Acontius* finde
(To write his Love therein) one Apples rinde.
The fields are naked both of leafe and tree,
Woes me! a desart fraught with misery.
This is the place of all the worlds extent,
That is found out for *Ovids* banishment.

ELEGIE. 11.

Argu. *Here Ovid pens a tart invective Song.*
Against a slaunderous and backbiting tong.

LEud man, who ere thou art, that dost contemne
My fall, and still my faults with spite condemne,
A Rocke thy Parent was, thy Nurse some beast,
For sure thou hast a rocky flinty brest,
What can thy Malice heape upon me more?
Or what is wanting to my sorrowes flore?
On *Pontus* rude, unbarbarous shore I lye,
Vnder the Northerne beare, and boistrous skye.
I have no commerce with their language her,
But every place is fraught with anxious feare.
And, as a Deere surpriz'd by ravenous beares,
Or Lambe hemb'd in by wolves, extreamely feares;
Even so doe I, whom warlike bands inclose,
Encompast round about with bloody foes.
And say 'twere small to want my loving wife.
My Country too, and pledges of my life.
And grant I suffer'd onely *Cæsars* wrath,
What is not that alone continuall death?
Yet one there is, that still renewes my paines,
And 'gainst my manners copiously declaimes.

In

In facile causes every man can speake,
And bruised Reeds a feeble hand may breake.
'Tis strength must overthrow strong Castle-walles,
When tott'ring turrets with weake motion fall.
I am not what I was: it is my shade,
My tombe and ashes which thou dost invade.
'Twas *Hector* that did mannage martiall steele,
Not *Hector* that was drawne at horses heele.
What ere I was, I am not now the same:
Of me, the shadow onely doth remaine.
Spare then to vex a ghost with base despight,
Or raise upon a Spirit thou cruell wight,
Suppose my faults were true, nor did indeed,
From errour, but from wickednesse proceed.
Yet rest content since I endure enough,
Both in mine exile and the place thereof.
An Executioner would lament with teares,
My fortune, yet thou think'st I little beare.
Thou art more cruell then *Busiris* was,
Or [1] he that first did frame the Bull of brasse,
Which he on [2] *Sicilies* Tyrant then bestow'd,
And in these words to him his cunning show'd.
The gift is rich, O King, the fashion more,
But yet the beauty is not halfe the store.
On's side a secret doore you may espy,
There put him in, whom you appoint to dye,
Then let him with soft burning scorched be,
No Bull will roare more naturally then he.
For which devise, I hope thou'lt thinke it fit,
That my reward shall Æquallize my wit.
The [3] King reply'd, since first thou hast invented,
This witty paine, thou first shalt be tormented.
Forthwith into the engine he was throwne,
Where like a Bull he made a ruefull mone,
But why doe I our landish Tyrants name,
Of thee, thou Roman Tyrant I complaine.
For if my blood will quench thy greedy thirst,
Who faine wouldst have me to endure the worst,
Know, I have suffered that by Sea and Land,
Would move thy teares, if thou didst understand.

1 Perillus.
2 Phalaris.
3 Phalaris.

Truſt me, *Vlyſſes* nere was ſo diſtreſt,
Him *Neptune*, me *Ioves* anger hath oppreſt.
Ceaſe then to ranſacke in my faults againe,
And from my bleeding wounds thy nayles refraine.
That tract of Time my faults at laſt may cover,
And theſe my ſmarting ſores be skinned over.
Remember humane fortune which advances,
And then caſts downe: & feare her doubtful chances.
And ſince (which I admire) thou haſt ſuch care,
Of my eſtate, ſtill asking how I fare.
Thou need'ſt not feare, my eſtate is fraught with wo
From *Cæſars* anger all misfortunes flow.
And to aſſure thee, that I nothing faine,
I wiſh thy ſelfe might'ſt undergoe my paine.

ELEGIE 12.

Argu. *Here Tomos Spring with Romes he doth compare,*
And ſhewes the difference of their ſports and aire.

THe Weſt winds now blow warme, the yeare is run
Yet Winter 2 here me thinkes, goes ſlowly on.
The 3 *Ramme* which carryed *Helle* once aſtray,
Doth weigh in æquall poyſe the night and day.
Now 4 wanton Boyes and Girles ſweete Violets get,
And other Country flowers that grow unſet.
The Medowes now with various colours ſpring,
And warbling birds their untaught Sonners ſing.
The Swallow builds her little houſe or neſt,
Vnder ſome Rafter for her younglings reſt.
And *Ceres* ſeed, which in the furrowes lay,
Her tender bladegins freſhly to diſplay.
Where Vines doe grow, their ſwelling buds appeare,
Alas, this *Getiche* ſoyle no Vine doth beare.
Where trees do grow, their buds & bloomes appeare,
Alas, this *Getiche* coaſt no Tree doth beare.
'Tis now with you vacation: the Law-courts
5 Reſigne their wrangling brawles to playes & ſports
Now horſes run the race, now Fencers play,
And ſome with balles and toppes doe ſpend the day:
Now Wraſtlers doe annoint their limbs with Oyle,
And bathe in water, to refreſh their toyle.
The Stages flouriſh, loud applauſes ſound,

2 Fortune.
2 In Tomos.
3 Aries makes equinox. in March.
4 In Italy.
5 Yield up.

The threefold Courts and Theaters rebound,
O thrice and fouretimes happy man is he,
That may enjoy the City ſafe and free.
As for my ſelfe, I feele the melting Snow,
Which from the frozen Rivers gins to flow.
The Sea doth now unthaw, nor dare the ſwayn
Drive over *Iſter* now his creaking wayne,
If any forraine ſhip ſhall here arrive,
(Which to our ſhores but rare occaſions drive)
Thither Ile haſt, and after ſaluration,
Enquire the Maſters buſineſſe, name and nation.
And 'tis a wonder, if he be not one,
That from ſome neighb'ring coaſt might ſafely come
For an *Italian* ſhip comes ſeldome hither,
Where is no harbour from tempeſtuous weather.
If yet his language *Greeke* or *Latin* be,
He ſhall be farre the welcomer to me.
Likewiſe the wind may bring from happy South
One from the Streights, and from *Propontis* mouth,
Who can informe me of the common fame,
And knowes all circumſtances of the ſame.
I wiſh he may of *Cæſars* Triumphs tell,
And of the vowes to *Iove* performed well.
And how rebellious *Germany* doth ſubmit
Her conquer'd head under our Generalls feete.
VVho brings ſuch newes, (which I had rather ſee)
Shall to my houſe forthwith invited be.
VVoes me! is *Ovids* houſe ith' *Scythian* ſtrand?
And doth my priſon for my dwelling ſtand?
Grant O ye gods, *Cæſar* may make this place,
No more the houſe, but Inne of my diſgrace.

ELEGIE. 13.

Of his laſt birthday he doth here complaine,
And wiſheth it might nere returne againe. Argu.

BEhold, in vaine my Birthday doth returne,
At the ſet time, alas, why was I borne?
Hard-hearted day, why doſt thou ſtill extend
My wofull yeares? ſhouldſt rather make an end.
If thou hadſt care of me, or any ſhame,
Thou wouldſt not trace me thus from *Rome* in vaine,
But rather where thou firſt didſt give me breath,

Even there would have affaid to give me death.
Or when I left the City, thou might'ſt well
(As did my friends) have tane thy laſt farewell,
What makeſt thou at Pontus? art thou ſent
By Cæſars doome with me to baniſhment?
Or, doſt expect thy wonted honours here?
That I white rayment for thy ſake ſhould weare,
Should flowry garlands girt the Altar round,
With ſolemne fires and ſmoking Incenſe crown'd?
And offring cakes that note a geniall day,
Should I for thy returne devoutly pray?
No, no, I doe not now ſuch ſeaſons ſee,
That I at thy returne ſhould joyfull be.
A funerall Altar dreſt with Cypreſſe bough,
And burning piles of wood befit me now.
I liſt not fruitleſſe Incenſe throw away,
Nor will my depth of ſorrowes let me pray.
Yet if this day, I muſt ſome prayer frame,
I pray, that thou maiſt nere come here againe.
Whilſt I ith' utmoſt part oth' world doe dwell
Miſtermed *Euxine*, when 'tis rather hell.

ELEGIE. 14.

Argu. *He writes this Elegy to a learned friend, Praying him ſtill his writings to defend.*

THou ſacred Patron of all learned men,
Thou conſtant friend unto my wit and pen,
What, doſt thou ſtill my abſent name upraiſe?
As thou didſt erſt renowne my happyer dayes?
Doſt gather up my Bookes excepting thoſe (woes?
Of Loves vaine Art, which wrought their Authors
Doe ſo, thou lover of new Poets ſtraines,
And ſtill in *Rome* maintaine my dying name.
'Twas I, but not my bookes, was baniſht thence,
They did not merit ill by my offence.
Oft, is the Father baniſht farre away,
When yet the children, in the City ſtay.
My bookes my children are, like *Pallas* bred,
Without a mother, in their fathers head.
Theſe I commend the rather to thy care,
Since of their father they bereaved are.
Thou of my Sons their Parents fortune ſhare.

Thou

Thou maist of all the rest take open care.
Of changed shapes I fifteene volumes left, Metamorpho.
Which from their Authors ashes Phœbus reft,
This worke I had to more perfection brought,
If Fortune had not first my ruine wrought.
This now in peoples mouthes impolisht runs,
If ought of mine within their reading comes.
And let this 1 sorry piece with's fellowes stand, 1 My Tristia.
Which now I send thee from a forraigne Land. Hoc nescio quid.
This whoso reads, must time and place conceive,
Where these poore Poems their composure have.
He'l grant their pardon sure, that weighs their case,
A time of exile, and a barbarous place.
And wonder how my trembling hand could write
Such verse as this, in 2 spite of Fortunes spite. 2 Midst.
Sorrowes have craz'd my wit, and marr'd my streine,
Which at the best, was but a slender veine.
Yet, as it was, through long disuse is dry.
And wanting exercise must needs withered lye.
3 Here are no bookes to cheere my Muse to write, 3 In Ponto.
In stead of bookes are bowes and weapons bright,
Heres none to whom I may my lines rehearse,
Whose understanding eare may mend my Verse.
Here is no private 4 walke, but murderous Getes, 4 Fit for study
Do still assault our closed wals and gates.
Oft times I want a word, a place or name,
But here's not one that can 5 supply the same. 5 Informe.
Yea often when I write (I must confesse)
I want fit 6 words, my matter to expresse. 6 Tetmes.
The Getticke language doth me so surround,
That I, me thinkes, could write their barbarous sound
And feare, beleive me, lest you here doe find,
That I in 7 mongrell speech expresse my minde. 7 Latin mixt with Getticke.
However read, and pardon this my Muse,
Since my condition pleads her just excuse.

The end of the third Booke, containing 798. Verses.

LIB. 4. ELEG. 1. Argu.

His Verse if faulty, he doth here excuse,
Which he for solace, not for fame did use,

WHat faults thou findest in these slender Rhimes,
Excuse them Reader, by their dismall times,

I ſought not Fame, poore exile, but reliefe,
1 Pore upon. Leſt ſtill my mind ſhould 1 ponder on her griefe.
For this, the Ditcher ſings in fetters ſtrong
To eaſe his painfull toyle with ruſticke ſong.
And Watermen that haile with bended ſide
The ſlow becalmed boate 'gainſt ſtreame and tide:
So he that tuggeth at the painfull Oare
10. Doth with his tunes refreſh his labours ſore.
The weary ſhepheard reſting on a rocke
Doth cheere with pipe and voyce his ſeely Flocke.
The Maid hir time and labour doth beguile
With ſinging to her diſtaffes ſpinning toyle.
Ev'n ſad *Achilles* for his *Briſeis* loſſe,
Is ſaid with warbling Harpe to eaſe his croſſe.
And when ſweete *Orpheus* ſongs drew woods & ſtons
His Wife twiſe loſt did cauſe his tunefull moans.
20 Ev'n ſo my Muſe, whil'ſt I to *Pontus* went,
Ev'n ſhe alone, did cheere my baniſhment.
She neither treaſons fear'd, nor ſouldiers hand,
1 Nor ſea, nor wind, nor th'utmoſt barbarous land.
For ſhe well knew what errour wrought my fall
2 And in my Fact there was no Crime at all.
And now is kinder 'cauſe ſhe harmd me erſt
And was indited with me at the firſt.
I wiſh I ne're had toucht hir ſacred Rites,
Which have procured me ſo much deſpight.
But now her ſacred Furies ſo poſſeſſe me,
30. I fondly love the Muſes which oppreſſe me.
Thus did *Ulyſſes* the new Lote-tree love,
Whoſe pleaſant verdure did unwholſome prove.
Thus Lovers feele their harmes; yet with delite
Still perſevere to feed their appetite.
So I in bookes delight, which did confound me,
And Love the weapon which did deadly wound me.
2 Seeme. Thus ſtudy may perchance ſome Fury 2 be,
3 Very uſefull beene. Yet hath this Fury 3 much availed me.
It ſuffers not my mind her griefe to rue,
40 But for the preſent takes it from my view.
As drunken *Bacchæ* feele not *Bacchus* wounds
Raving on *Ida* cliffes with howling ſounds:

So

When my breſt a ſacred Fury warmes,
My railed ſpirit mounts 'bove 1 worldly harmes. 1 Humane.
It feeles no exile then, nor Ponticke ſhore,
Nor on the angry gods thinks any more;
And all my ſenſe of preſent woe is waſted,
As I had bowles of drowſie *Lethe* taſted.
Needs muſt I then thoſe helpfull 2 pow'res adore 2 The Muſes.
Which chang'd their *Helicon* for my Ponticke ſhore. 50.
Tracing my ſteps (ſo did they kindly pleaſe)
On foot by land: By ſhip through watry ſeas.
Let theſe at leſt, ſtill kind to me abide,
Since th'other gods combine on *Cæſars* ſide,
Still loading me with griefes in number more,
Then are the Fiſh i'th' ſea, or ſands on ſhore.
Thou'lt ſooner count ſpring-flowers or ſummer eares
Or Autumne-fruits, or winters ſnowy teares,
Then all the evils I ſuffered too ond fro, 60
As to the cruell *Euxine* ſhores I goe.
Yet being here I finde no change of ſtate,
But am purſued by my wonted Fate.
Here ſtill I finde my birthday-thred to runne,
Which of the blackeſt Fleece my deſt'nies ſpun.
To paſſe the daily hazards of my life, 3 To omit.
What I endure is true yet paſt beliefe.
How grievous i'ſt for him with *Getes* to live,
To whom the *Romans* ſuch applauſe did give?
How greivous to be 4 mur'd in wall and gates, 4 Cloſed or ſhut up.
Yet not to be ſecure in ſuch a ſtate. 70
I from my youth did cruell warre deteſt,
And never handled weapons ſave in jeſt;
Yet 5 aged now a ſword and 6 ſhield do beare, 5 Now in age. 6 Buckler.
And on my hoary head an Helmet weare.
And when the watchman ſounds out an alarme,
All in a feare we ſtraightway fall to Arme.
The bloody Foe, with poyſon'd ſhafts and Bow,
About our wals on painted ſteed doth goe.
As greedy wolves do dragge thoſe ſheepe away 80
Into the woods, which from the folds do ſtray.
So doth the barbarous Foe ſurprize them ſtraight,
Whom he ſhall chance to finde without the Gate,

Where

Where ſtreight their captive necks they do enchain
1 Place. Or with empoiſon'd Arrowes they are ſlaine.
Loe here I dwell in this perplexed 1 caſe,
Woes me! my deſt'nies run ſo ſlow a pace.
And yet in all theſe ſtirs, my exile Muſe,
Her Verſe and ancient Rites will not refuſe,
Though here be none to whom I may recite,
That he may here the Latine I endite.
90
2 Alas. I to my ſelfe (2 God knowes) both write and Read.
And then to iu'ge my verſes doe proceed.
Yet often ſay, for whom is all this paines?
Will *Getes* and *Sauromates* peruſe my ſtreines?
And while I write ſad teares have often ſhed,
With which my papers have beene watered,
Yea when my minde renues old ſores againe,
Whole ſhowres of teares upon my boſome raine.
3 Thoughts do And when upon my fall my 3 paſſions runne.
100
How traiterous Fortune hath my ſtate undone,
My furious hand enraged at my verſe,
Oft makes them flame as on the funerall herſe,
Since then of thouſands, onely theſe remaine,
4 Peruſe. With favour gentle friend, 4 receive the ſame.
5 My. And thou forbidden *Rome*, accept 5 theſe Rhimes,
Though nothing better then my wofull times,

ELEGIE. 2.

Argu. *Here Ovid grieves he could not preſent ſee,*
The triumph made for conquer'd Germany.

NOw the fierce *Germane* ſtoopes, and overcome,
Can kneele to *Cæſar* (as the world hath done.)
The ſtately Pallace is with garlands dight,
The ſmoke of crackling incenſe dims the light.
The milkewhite ſacrifice with halbert ſlaine,
The earth with purple blood doth now diſtaine.
Auguſtus and Druſus Germ. The conquering Cæſars in the temples now,
Pay to the friendly gods their promis'd vow,
The growing youth under Auguſtus name,
Pray that his off ſpring may for ever reigne.
10
The Sorrow. Great Livia with her daughters largely give
Their ſacred gifts, becauſe her Sonne doth live,
With them the Matrons and the Virgins pure,
Which keepe the ſacred fires of Veſta ſure.

The

he People and the Senate joy at heart
nd Knighthood too, (of whom I was a part)
heſe publicke joyes are here to us unknowne,
nely a ſlight report doth hither come.
et may the people there enjoy the ſame
nd 1 read the conquer'd townes & Captaines names
nd ſee how captive Kings in ſolemne ſhow,
efore the crowned 2 Chariot chayned goe.
hoſe lookes, in ſome are (like their Fortune) Low
thers ſtill dreadfull though in-chained ſo.
me will enquire their cauſe, affaires, and name,
nd others 3 by conjecture Anſwers frame.
This that in purple ſhines with gallant grace,
Was Generall of the warre: He, next in place.
This whoſe ſad eyes are fixed on the ground,
Lookt briſker when in armes he marched round,
That fiery man whoſe eyes ſtill ſparkle ſpite,
Gave counſell to the warre with all his might.
This man whoſe lockes his wofull face doe hide
Did a ſlye ambuſh for our men provide.
By him our Captives were at Altars ſlaine,
Although the gods ſuch offrings did diſdaine.
That Lake, thoſe Rivers, and thoſe Caſtles there
Were fil'd with blood of ſlaughterd Soldiers,
Here *Druſus* firſt obtain'd his *Germane* name,
Worthy the noble Sire from whom he came.
Rhenes hornes were broken here, and here her flood,
Erſt green with reedes, was dy'd with *German* bloud
Loe there with haire diſpread, *Germania* borne,
At conquering *Druſus* feete, doth ſit and mourne,
To th' *Roman* axe, yeelding her ſtubborne necke,
To chaines her hands, which armes did lately decke.
Above all theſe, with thouſands at thy ſide,
Great *Cæſar*, thou in conquering chaire ſhalt ride.
And where thou goeſt, thy Subjects hands applaud,
Whilſt all the wayes with fragrant flowers are ſtrawd.
Thy Temples ſhall be crowned with Phœbus bayes,
Thine army ſounding 4 *Io* to thy praiſe.
So that thy Chariot horſes by the way,
Being chaſt with ſhouts and noyſe ſhall ſtop and ſtay.

1 In the Pageants.
2 Of Auguſtus
3 Knowing little.
Druſus cal'd Germanicus of his victory.
4 To triumph.

Then

Then in *Ioves* Temple shalt thou leave thy Bayes,
In token of his ayd, for future praise.
All this, though banisht thence, in mind I see,
And she enjoyes the place forbidden mee.
She doth through spacious lands with freedome ſtray
And through the ayre finds out the quickest way.
Into the midst of *Rome* she brings mine eye,
Where all this joyfull Triumph I descry.
Ev'n *Cæsars* Ivory Chariot [1] she will shew,
And for the Time [2] I shall my Country view.
Yet shall the happy people see the sight,
And with their joyfull Captaine take delight.
Poore I doe see't by bare imagination,
And reape the fruit by other mens relation.
And being sent to so remote a Clime,
Scarce one will come to tell the truth in time.
But 'twill be old and sta'e'r't come to me,
Yet whensoere it comes, 't shall welcome be,
And I that day will d'off my mourning weed,
The publique shall my private cause exceed.

1 I shall see.
2 In my deere Country be.
3 I heare it Ile joyfull be.

ELEGIE. 3.

Argu. *Two heav'nly Constellations here he woors,*
That's wife by constant faith may never loose.

YOu great and lesser Beares, who 4 thirsty still
Conduct the *Greeke*, and *Tyrian* Saylors skill,
Who view all worldly things in your high motion
And never set beneath the westerne Ocean,
Nor doth your circling Orb ere touch the ground,
Although the Azure sky you compasse round.
I pray, behold those walls which they report
Remus once overleapt with fatall sport.
There turne your shining count'nance on my Wife,
And tell me if she lead a constant life.
Woes me why question I a case so cleare?
And let my hope give place to doubtfull feare?
Feare nothing, but beleive that all is well,
Have certaine faith, she doth in faith excell.
And what the fixed starres can here descry,
Tell thou thy selfe with voyce that cannot lye.
That, as thou car'st for her, so she againe

4 They set not in the Sea.

Thy name within her heart doth ſtill retaine.
Preſeming ſtill thy Count'nance to her mind,
And while ſhe lives though abſent will be kind.
What, doth thy ſleepe forſake thee in the night,
When once thy mournfull thoughts on *Ovid* light?
Yea doth thy widowed bed renew afreſh
Thy cares? and cauſe thee thinke on my diſtreſſe?
Do nights ſeeme tedious through thine inward bur-
And do thy bones ev'n ake with often turning? ning
I make no doubt, but thus thou doſt and more,
Thy love ev'n forcing ſignes of griefe in ſtore,
And griev'ſt no leſſe for me, then [1] *Hectors* wife,
To ſee hir husband drawne devoid of life.
Yet doubt I what to [2] aske, nor can I tell
What paſſion in thy mind I wiſh ſhould dwell.
Art ſad? it is my griefe that I to thee
[3] Of ſuch deſerts, a cauſe of griefe ſhould bee?
If not? I wiſh that thou thy ſelfe mayſt beare,
Beſeeming one that loſt an husband deare.
Bewaile then gentle Wife, thine owne great loſſes
And live a mourners life for my great croſſes.
Shed teares for me; for teares are ſome releefe,
And teares do eaſe and cary out our griefe.
And would my death, not life, thou mighſt bemone,
[4] I wiſh my death had left thee all alone.
Then I with thee as home my life had ended.
Thy loving teares my deathbed had attended;
Thy fingers then had cloſ'd my dying eyes,
Which had beene faſtned on my Country skyes.
And in my Grandſires Tombe, my body dead
Had found its buriall, where it firſt was bred.
Then had I liv'd and dyed without all blame,
Nor had this puniſhment ſoyld my former fame.
Yet, woe is me, if thou beeſt much aſhamed
When thou an Exiles wife art bluntly named.
Woe's me if thou doſt bluſh, that thou art mine,
And to be known for *Ovids* doſt decline.
O where's that time wherein thou tookeſt pride
That thou were knowne, and termed *Ovids* Bride?
There was a time, that thou didſt pleaſure take
To be, and to be ſtyled *Ovids* Mate.

1 Andromache a Theban.
2 Pray.
3 So good a wife.
A ſentence.
4 And that.

And in my Parts and Manners tookst Delight
60 Love adding value to them in thy sight.
Yea then, (so pretious was I in thine eyes)
All other men, thou didst for me dispise.
1 A brave Greeke Captaine invented scaling ladders to beleige Thebes, and was slaine from the wall with stones, his wife Evadne cast her selfe into his funerall fire and was burned with him.
Then blush not now, that thou my wife art named,
For me thou mayst be griev'd, but not ashamed.
When 1 *Capaneus* was slaine on *Theban* wall
Evadne blusht not, for her Mate at all.
Though *Phaeton* was strucke with bolt of *Iove*,
Yet could not this abate his kindreds love.
Nor did old *Cadmus*, 2 *Semele* deny
Though by his proud request she chanc'd to die.
Let then no crimson blush thy cheekes distaine
Though I be stricken with *Ioves* heav'nly flame.
2 His daughter.
70 But rather doe thy best still to defend me,
That for a loyall Wife all may commend thee.
A sentence. Sent. The way to glory through steep paths doth lie,
Show then thy vertue in thy miserie.
Had *Troy* beene happy, who had *Hector* knowne?
In miry wayes are vertues foote steps showne.
3 The Pilot of the Argo. When Seas are calme then 3 *Typhis* Art's not seene:
80 And 4 *Phœbus*-skill the healthfull diseas'd eeme.
4 Physicke. So vertue in prosperity lies conceal'd,
In harder times 'tis proved and reveal'd.
Lo then my Fortune may advance thy name,
And gives thy vertue scope to raise thy Fame.
Vse well th'occasion of these woefull dayes,
Which make an open passage for thy prayse.

ELEGIE. 4.

Argu. *This Elegy is to a Friend directed,*
Who being unnamed, is by signes detected.

O Thou that art of ancient Nobles borne
And yet thy manners do thy Steock adorne,
Within whose brest thy Fathers Candour shines
Which thou with Nerves of wisedome dost combine.
In whom thy Fathers eloquent tongue doth dwell,
Who mongst our Roman Pleaders 5 bare the bell:
5 Did excell. Thus unawares I have by Signes bewrayd thee,
Pardon thy praises due which have betrayd thee:
'Tis not my fault but thine owne worth proclaimes thee,

Seeme what thou Art, and none can justly blame me.
Nor shall my kinde officious verse, I trust,
Harme thee at all under a Prince so just.
For he himselfe (so mild a Prince is he)
Will often in my verse recorded be.
Nor can he well forbid it, though he wou'd.
Cesars a publicke and a generall good.
Nay *Iove* resignes his powers to Poets wits,
And to each common pen his prayse permits.
By these two gods I doe thy cause maintaine,
The one beleev'd the other seene to reigne,
Yet if it be a fault, tis wholly mine,
This Letter was my act, and none of thine.
Nor gin I now to wrong thee with my talke,
In happy times our tongues did often walke.
And lest thou feare my friendship cost thee deare,
'Tis meete thy [1] Father should thee envy beare.
For well thou know'st, if thou confesse the truth,
Thy Father I observed from my youth.
Thou well remembrest, he approv'd my wit,
Farre above that, my selfe did value it.
And often did my Poetry rehearse.
Ennobling by his prayse my simple verse.
Thou art not now deceiv'd, to shew me favour,
For long before I did deceive thy [2] Father.
But, trust me, here's no fraud: for, save the last,
Thou maist defend my life and actions past.
Nor wilt thou call my last offence a crime,
That know'st the *Series* of this dismall time?
'Twas feare or errour ruin'd mine estate,
But doe not urge me once to mention what.
O teare not open my scarce-closed wound,
Which hardly rest and quiet can make sounde.
For though I grant that I am justly thine,
Yet was there in my fault no lewd intent.
This *Cesar* knowes, and spar'd my guiltlesse blood,
And neither seiz'd nor gave away my goods.
And, if he live, my flight perhaps will end,
When length of time his fury shall amend.
Meane while, if this bold fact be not reproved,

[1] Authour.
[2] Author his.

I pray that I from hence may be removed,
I wish to have a place of more repose
Neerer my Country, farther from my Foes.
And would some faithfull friend move this request
Perhaps 'twere done, so mild is *Cæsars* breast.
The frozen 1 *Euxine* shores now me surround
Which th' Ancients stiled well the 2 Axen bound.
Our Seas are ever tost with boystrous wind,
Nor can a forraine ship safe harbour finde.
The lands about us live by blood and spoyle,
Thus Sea and Land alike bring feare and toyle.
Those which in shedding humane blood delight,
Vnder our starres enjoy the common light.
Tauricke Diana's Altar neere us stands,
Distained oft with blood of forraine lands.
This Country once, they say King *Thoas* had,
3 Without the rivalship of good or bad.
And 4 *Iphigenia* exchanged for a Deere
Attends 5 hir goddesse bloody offerings there.
Hither 6 *Orestes* driv'n by's Furies came
(Whom naturall or unnaturall yoo may name)
And his friend *Pylades*, 7 unto wonder kinde,
Who were two bodies yet but one in mind.
These two fast bound, are to this Altar set,
Which bloody stood before the 8 twoleav'd gate.
Each for himselfe no jot of terror had,
Yet for each others death were wondrous sad.
With hir drawne knife the Priest stood ready now
With barbrous ribbands on her *Græcian* brow.
But by their Parley, she hir 9 brother knowes.
And streight in stead of killing, kindnesse showes.
And joyfull did from thence to *Rome* translate
Hir goddesse which those cruell Rites did hate.
To this far-Northern Region I am nigh
From which both gods and men do joyntly fly.
Mans blood is offered neere my Country land,
If *Pontus* may for *Ouids* Country stand.
Oh that *Orestes* winds might drive me hence;
And *Cæsar's* wrath appeas'd for mine offence.

ELE.

50

60

70

80

1 ἄξενος Inhospitable to strangers.
2 ἀξένος Inhospitable.
3 And that.
4 Without a Rivall tis so bad.
5 Dianas.
6 He revenged his Fathers death on his Mother.
7 To example.
8 Of the Temple.
9 Orestes.

ELEGIE. 5.

Unto his Friend he doth his mind reveale, Argu.
whose name for feare of harme he doth conceale.

OH thou the chiefest of my loved mates,
The onely refuge of my cracke estate.
Whose conference did my dying spirit revive,
As oyle infus'd doth keepe the Lampe alive.
Not fearing when my ship was thunder-broken
A friendly port of refuge to set open.
With whole revenues my wants had beene supply'de,
If *Cæsar* had my Fathers goods deny'de.
But whilst I muse upon my troubles then,
Thy name well-neere had slipt out of my pen;
Yet this thou knowst, and, toucht with love of fame
Dost wish that I might boldly tell thy name.
Truly, wer't safe, I would thy titles give,
And praise such Faith as few men will believe.
'Tis onely feare my gratefull Verse doth charme,
Lest my untimely prayse should do thee harme.
This thou mayst do, ev'n glory in thy breast,
That thou wert kind, and I still mindfull rest.
Go forward then to lend thine a helping hand
Till (*Cæsar* pleas'd) the wind shall prosperous stand.
Beare up my sinking head, which none can save,
But he that a drowned it in the *Stygian* wave.
And which is rare, be constant to the end,
To doe the office of a faithfull friend.
So may thy Fortune ever well proceede,
That helping others, thou mayst never needs.
So may thy wives sweet vertues equall thine,
And seldome discord to your Chamber climbe;
So maist thou still be loved of thy brother,
As *Castor Pollux* loves, and he the other.
So may thy Sonne be like thee in his prime,
And by his manners all men know him thine.
So may thy Daughter prosp'rously be wed,
And with a Grandsires name soone crowne thine head.

a To row my boate, till, &c.
a Plung'd, i. S.
A vow.

ELEGIE. 6.

He shewes, that time which all things doth asswage;
And weakens hate, gives meanes to the fervent rage. Argu.

IN time the Oxe endures the toilfull plow,
And to the crooked yoke his necke doth bow;
In time the Steed to th' bridle doth submit,
And gently takes in's mouth the curbing bit.

In time the Africke Lyons milder grow,
Nor to their keepers former fiercenesse show.
In time the *Indian* monster's overcome,
And servant-like obeyes his Masters doome.
Time makes the grapes so swell within the skin,
They scarce containe the liquor that's within.
Time brings the seed to a ripe eare at last,
And makes the Apple of a mellow taste.
Time wastes the plowshare which the Land doth eare
Yea time the Flints and Adamante doth weare,
The fiercest wrath it cooleth by degrees,
Abateth griefe, and mourners hearts doth ease,
Yea every thing can silent time impaire,
Except the burden of my growing care.
Twice since my exile hath the Corne been thresht,
And Grapes have twice with naked feete been prest:
Yet all this time my minde no patience gaines,
But still her wonted griefe afresh retaines.
Thus oft the Oxen shun their wonted yoke,
And Horses shun the bit, though often broke.
Yea now my paine is greater then before,
And though the same, yet older pincheth more.
Me thinkes I now my crosses better know,
And by this knowledge they much greater grow.
And 'twere the better if my strength were fresh,
And I were not consum'd with long distresse.
The Wrastler entring fresh into the round,
Exceedeth one long-tyred on the ground.
Th' unwounded Fencer in his shining armes,
Excelleth him whose blood bewrayes his harmes.
The newbuilt ship strong stormes can hardly bend,
When every blast the crazy Barke doth rend:
Even so did I my griefe with patience beare,
Till they with length of time increased were.
But now I faint, and certainely presume,
These sorrowes will ere long my life consume.
For through my slender skin my Bones appeare,
Nor are my strength and colour as they were,
And yet my minde is in farre worser plight,

His

Her ſorrowes ever ſtanding 'fore her ſight,
Shee ſees not *Rome*, her friends are abſent here,
And thou my loving wife of all moſt deare.
Onely a rout of *Scythes* and *Getes* here be,
So what I have and want, both trouble me.
One hope there is, which yeelds me ſome reliefe,
That death, ere long will end my wofull griefe.

ELEGIE. 7.

A nameleſſe friend is here by Ovid ſhent, Argu.
Who had not all this time one Letter ſent.

TWice hath the Sunne cold Winter overcome,
And twice through *Piſces* his careere hath run,
And yet alas in all this tedious time,
Thou haſt not ſent me one officious line.
Couldſt thou this Love forbeare, when thoſe have
With whom I had but ſmal acquaintance got? (wrote
When any Letters Seale I did unloſe,
Why did I hope it ſhould thy name diſcloſe?
Yet doubtleſſe many a Letter thou haſt ſent,
Although it came not hither as 'twas ment.
Ile firſt beleeve there was a [1] *Gorgons* head,
With ſnakes inſtead of haires about it ſpread,
And *Scillaes* dogs, and ſtrange *Chimeraes* frame,
Made of a Snake, a Lyon, and a Flame,
Fourefooted *Centaures* horſe and man in one,
Three headed *Cerberus*, and *Gerion*.
Sphinx and the *Harpyes*, men of Serpent-race,
And *Giges* [2] hands, or [3] *Minotaures* face?
All theſe ſhall ſooner ſinche into my minde,
Then this, that thou art chang'd and prov'd unkind.
For loe betweene us, many mountaines high,
And Fields and Floods, and ſeverall Seas doe lye.
Yea thouſand lets thy Letters may prevent,
From comming to my hands, though kindly ſent.
Write then ſo oft till thou haſt conq uer'd all,
That I no more to theſe excuſes fall.

1 Medusa.
2 an Hundred.
3 Halfe a man halfe a bull.

ELEGIE 8.

Here Ovid hath a ſad complaint compil'd, Argu.
That he's conſtraind, being old, to live exil'd.

WIth Swanlike plumes, my Temples now are dite,
And age hath chang'd my [4] Sable haires to white

4 Mutā.

Now ſluggiſh age draweth nere, and feeble yeares,
Wherein my limbs their burden hardly beares,
Now it were fit I ſhould my labours end,
And without feare my time in quiet ſpend.
And take repoſe in pleaſing ſtudies leiſure,
1 Was all my. Wherein, even from my youth 1 I tooke a pleaſure.
My houſe and houſhold gods I ſhould frequent,
And thoſe my Lands which now their Maſter want,
Where, in my wives and friends embracements I
Should in my native ſoyle waxe old and dye.
Thus whilome I did hope mine age to ſpend,
For thus I had deſerv'd my yeares to end.
But loe, the gods thought no, and have diſpos'd,
That I farre off, in exile am inclos'd.
2 Navals. Old crazy ſhips into the 2 Docke are hailed,
Sim. Leſt in the open Seas they ſhould be quailed.
1 The ancient Courſer in the medow grazes,
2 Leſt he ſhould ſhame his former gotten prayſes.
3 The Souldier growne unable armes to beare,
4 Hangs up at home what erſt himſelfe did weare.
So ſeeing age my ſtrength hath much decreaſed,
Tis time I were from labours taske 3 releaſed.
3 Rode donat. Tis time I did in mine owne Country bide,
Warfare quit: Not quench my thirſt by *Getick* fountaines ſide.
And had my private garden for delight,
And then enjoy my friends and Cities ſight.
And thus my minde, not reeding future ill,
Did wiſh I might in age live quiet ſtill.
The fates ſaid nay, and after happy prime,
4 Staine. With ſudden croſſes lode my after time.
And fifty yeares being paſt without all 4 blame,
My worſe and feebler age is preſt with ſhame,
5 Wip. Yea when the Goale I well-neere had attained,
Loe 5 by a grievous fall my Race is ſtayned.
For him have I mad-ſoule provokt to wrath,
Then whom the world no milder ſpirit hath.
My faults did clemency it ſelfe outvye,
Yet thus incenſt he did not life deny.
Onely I'm baniſht neere the Northerne ſtarre,
And th' Euxine Sea, but from my Country farre.

Had

Had 1 *Delphos*, and *Dodona* this foretold,
To give them both the lye I had beene bold.
But there is nought so *Adamantine* strong.
Which *Ioves* fierce thunders cannot lay along.
Theres nought so high remov'd from dangers pawes,
Which lyes not under *Ioves* unbounded Lawes.
For from a God my totall ruine flowes,
Although in part my fault procur'd my woes.
O then let all be warn'd by this my fall,
To please that man that æquals 2 *Iove* and all.

1 Two Oracles of Apollo and Iupiter.
A sentence.
1
2
50.
2 Gods.

ELEGIE. 9.

Our Poet here with threates his foe doth warne,
That he forbeare to doe him further harme.

Argu.

IF thou desist, thy name Ile nere reveale,
But all thy faults in *Lethes* waves conceale.
And let it but appeare thou dost repent,
Thy teares shall make my fury to relent,
Onely condemne thy selfe, and (if thou mayst)
Blot out of minde thy Stygian malice past.
If not, but still thy brest with hatred burnes,
To armes my griefe shall be constraynd to turne.
For though I b: exil'd to furthest lands,
Yet even from thence my wrath shall stretch her hands.
And still the benefit of law is left me,
Though of my Country *Cæsar* hath bereft me.
And (if he live) I may recalled be:
A blasted Oke 3 oft proves a spreading tree.
And though I wanted power to avenge thee,
The Muses will their strength and weapons lend me.
And though I doe farre off in *Scythia* lye,
Where all our *Arcticke* starres are ever 4 dry,
Yet through large Regions my report shall goe.
And all the world my just complaint shal know.
From Sun to Sun shall shrill invectives flye,
And th: East shall Eccho out my Westerne cry.
Beyond both Sea and Land my voyce shall reach,
And farre and wide shall my complainings stretch.
Nor shall this age alone thy fallhood blame,
But all posterity shall detest the same.
Thus am I bent to Warre, though yet I have
No Armes tane up, but wish that labour sav'd.

10

3 May grow.

4 Set not for the Sea.

20.

The angry Bull (though yet without the round)
Scrapes up the Sand and raging beates the ground:
But hold thine hand my Muse, and sound retreat,
And Name him not, till he renew his hate.

ELEGIE 10.

To all Posterity here hee doth relate,
His Birth, and breeding and his whole Estate.

KNow all posterity, I the Poet am
That wrot those bookes of *Cupids* wanton game.
My birth-place *Sulmo* where coole springs do rise,
And Ninety miles from *Romes* faire citty lies.
Here was I borne, the yeare is knowne too well,
When both our 2 Consuls by like fortune fell.
Sprung from an ancient house of Knightly ranke,
And neede not fortune for new knighthood thanke.
I was not eldest, but a second Brother,
Borne a just twelvemonth after one another.
Our Birthdayes both fell on the selfesame day,
And then our friends, the gods two cakes did pay.
Of Arm'd *Minerva's* five most solemne dayes,
This was the first, still us'd to bloody frayes.
Our tender youth was by our fathers care
Train'd up at *Rome*, with men 3 of learning rare,
To eloquence my Brothers childhood aim'd,
Whom natures hand for clamorous pleading fram'd.
But I to sacred Poesy was inclinde,
To this the Muses still intic'd my minde,
Oft would my Father say, good Sonne refraine,
This Art, which brought great *Homer* in no gaine.
I mov'd herewith, all *Helicon* forsooke,
And all my paines to looser proose betooke.
But of themselves my lines in numbers ran,
What ere I wrote into a Verse became.
Meane while our yeares grew on with silent pace,
And both assume our manly gowne and place.
A purple robe with Besses broad we weare,
And each his chosen study holdeth deare.
At twenty yeares, alas my Brother dyde,
And of my other 4 selfe was I 5 depriv'd.
And now, though young, my first promotion had,
And one of three Triumvir-ship was made.

Into

Into the Senate I was cald at length,
Which was a lode too heavy for my ſtrength.
Whoſe mind and body could no paines endure,
But ever ſhun'd toyling ambitions lure.
And ſtill the Muſes cald to quiet leaſure,
Wherein I ever found the trueſt pleaſure.
The Poets of that age I much eſteemed,
And like a god to me each Poet ſeemed.
Old *Macer* oft to me, [1] his birds would ſing. 1 a Poſſ.
And of thoſe Herbes which health or danger bring.
Propertius oft to me his Loves recited.
With whom I was in friendſhips bond united.
Heroicke *Ponticus*, and *Bassus* rare,
In tart *Iambickes* my [2] deere copſemates were. 2 Sworne bre-
Horace my eares with's flowing numbers ſtaid, threne.
Which on's *Aufonian* harpe he neately plaid.
I onely *Virgil* ſaw; and envious fate,
Did ſoone my friend *Tibullus* hence tranſlate.
He follow'd *Gallus* and *Propertius* him,
And I [3] my ſelfe was fourth in courſe of time:
As I my [4] Elders, ſo my Iuniours me 3 Made up the
Obſerv'd, and ſoone my [5] Muſe would famous be. 4 Ancients.
Scarce was I [6] bearded when my youthfull verſe, 5 Thalia.
I firſt before the people did reherſe, 6 Shaven.
Corinna chaunted by a feigned name,
Firſt ſet a worke my wit, and gain'd me fame.
'Twas much I wrote, but what I vitious thought
I caſt ith' fire to expiate the fault,
Even [7] at my flight, ſome hurtfull things I burned. 7 When I fled
So was my anger 'gainſt my ſtudies turned.
Soone would my ſpirit yeeld to *Cupids* dart,
And every little cauſe inflame my heart,
And yet, though quickly fir'de with *Venus* flame,
Never was ſcandall raiſd on *Ovids* name.
They wed me young unto a thriftleſſe wife, His Wives!
But death ſoone ended her unworthy life.
The next to her though void of any crime,
Yet joyd my marriage bed but little time.
The laſt doth ſtill with me alive remaine,
Bearing her part in this my lateſt ſtayne.

My

His daughter. Two Nephews
My daughter me an earely Grandsier made,
For in her childhood she two husbands had.

10. Lustra. His Parents dyed.
And now my Father did resigne to fate,
Having accomplisht fifty winters date,
For whom I wept, as he for me would mourne,
And shortly after came my mothers turne.
Both of them happy that in season dyed,
Before my wofull exile did betide,
And happy I, that whilst my Parents live,
Gave them no cause at all for me to grieve.
Yet if the dead doe more then names retaine,
And their thin soules survive their funerall flame,
Deere Parents ghosts, if any slight report,
Of mine offences sound ith' *Stygian* court,
Take from your Son this certaine truth withall,
That errour and nor malice caus'd my fall.
Let this suffice the dead, I now retyre
To you kind friends, who of my life enquire.
I now was turned gray, my better yeares,
Gave place to age, which brought on mingled haires
And since my birth, ten prizes have renown'd
The running horse with *Pisa* Olive crown'd.

Yo: Lustra. or 50. yeares.
When *Cæsars* anger bids me packe away,
To *Tomos* on the left of th' *Euxine* Sea.
Nor need I tell th'occasion of my fall,
Which is too well already knowne of all.
Nor yet of trecherous friends, or servants slights,
And many a crosse as grievous as my flight.

1 Minde.
My [1] heart still scornd to yeeld, and in distresse,
Vnconquerable strength she did expresse.
And I forgetting former ease and feare
Was forc't in age unwonted armes to beare,
Yea and more dangers both by Sea and Land,
Then are the starres which twixt the Poles doe stand
Yet when I long had beene with wandrings tost,
At length I did attaine the *Geticke* coast.
Where, though the noyse of wars about me rage,
Yet with my verse doe I my griefe assuage.
And having none to heare my mournfull stile,
Yet I therewith the tedious houres beguile.

That

That then I live, and hold in labouring plight,
And am not weary of the tedious light,
I thanke my Muſe: tis thou that yeeldſt reliefe,
Thou art the eaſe of care, and cure of griefe.
My guide from *Iſter* leading me along,
And ſeating me in midſt of *Helicon*.
And mounteſt up on high my living name,
Though few till after death obtaine the ſame.
Nor yet hath envy, which doth ſtill repine
At preſent things, gnaw'd any worke of mine.
But fame hath ſtill advanc't my Muſes head,
Though learned Poets this our age hath bred.
And though I prize their worth beyond mine owne,
Yet for their æquall, through the world am knowne.
If Poets then can future things foreſee,
I ſhall not [1] whole to earth converted be.
Yet, be't deſert or favour gives me fame,
I thanke thee (gentle Reader) for the ſame.
The end of the fourth Booke, Containing 680. *Verſes.*

1 All.

LIB. 5. ELEG. 1.

This Elegie he writeth to his friend.
And to his care doth this Fift Booke commend.

Argu.

THis Booke arrived from the *Geticke* ſhore.
My ſtudious friend, adde to the former feure.
Which ſorteth ſo unto the Poets times,
That thou ſhalt find no pleaſure in my Rhymes.
My Verſes, like my fortune, mournefull be,
The writing with the [2] matter doth agree.
In happier ſtate, I wrote a pleaſant veine,
But now repent me of that youthfull ſtraine.
And being ruin'd, doe my fall proclaime.
And of my ſelfe theſe ſad diſcourſes frame.
And as the Swan on ſwift *Cayſters* ſhore,
In fainting notes her funerals doth deplore,
So I expos'd on *Geticke* coaſts to [3] lye,
Doe here prepare my laſt ſad obſequy.
Who ere in wanton verſe doth take delight.
I warne him not to read what here I write.
Gallus and ſweete *Propertius* ſute his veine,
And other Poets more of honoured name.

2 Subiect.

3 Dye.

Of

Of which light order would I nere had beene,
1 letting. Woes me! why had my Muse a 1 wanton spleene?
This was my bane, who am to *Ister* sent,
For framing Bookes of wanton argument,
Yet may my publicke workes still used be,
And wish my friends would still remember me.
If any muse I thus of sorrow sing,
Que. 1. Let him ascribe it to my sufferings.
I doe not here compose by wit or Arte;
The matter of it selfe doth wit impart.
My verse the twentieth part cannot containe,
2 Number. He's happy that can 2 utter all his paine.
Number the trees ith' wood or *Tibers* sand,
What speeres of grasse in *Mars* his medow stand,
So many are the miseries I endure,
Of which my studious muse is th' onely cure.
Que. 2. But when will *Naso* end his weeping Rhymes?
Even when his fortune yeelds him better times.
Tis she which fountaines of complaint affords,
These are not mine, but my misfortunes words.
My wife and Country let a friend restore,
Ile be as merry as ere I was before.
Let *Cæsars* anger bate, and milder grow,
Shalt see my verse with pleasant humour flow.
Yet as before, it shall not jest againe,
Though once it sported in a lighter straine.
Ile sing to *Cæsars* liking, if he please
Mine exile of these savage *Getes* to ease,
Till then, what can my Papers doe but mourne?
Que. 3. This pipe doth well befit my funerall urne.
But, thou wilt say, twere better much to smother
Thy sorrowes, and in silence passe them over.
Thou dost forbid a forward wretch to grone,
Or one that's deepely wounded once to mone.
Exemp. 1. Whom cruell *Phebus* vext with scorching paine,
He suffred, yet with Bullish voyce to plaine.
2 *Achilles* did not *Priams* weeping blame,
Yet thou more cruell wouldst my teares restraine.
3 When *Niobes* children great *Diana* slew.
She let her yet with teares her cheekes bedew.

vent our griefe in words yt elds ſome reliefe,
ich makes ſad 1 *Progne* vent her daily griefe, 1 And Halci-one
d *Polyfletes* in his cave alone, 60
tyre the *Lemnian* Rockes with dolorous mone. Metamorpho-ſis.
ncealed ſorrow chokes: and doth compell
e boyling heart with doubled griefe to ſwell.
en pardon, reader, or my bookes refraine,
hat which is my comfort prove thy paine,
ough I am well aſſurd my harmeleſſe ſong,
cept their Authour, will do no man wrong.
'are bad, I grant: who bids thee read them then?
who forbids thee lay them downe agen? 70
read them on, as fram'd ith' *Geticke* ſtrand,
ey cannot be more barbarous then their Land.
me with her Poets muſt not me compare,
hough mong the *Getes* my wit was ſomewhat rare,
oe not catch at great applauſe and fame,
wits moſt quickning ſpurre, a laſting name.
onely ſeeke to free my minde from care,
hich ſtill breake in, where they 2 unwelcome are. 2 Forbidden. *Que.* 4.
For this I wrote: But why doſt ſend them over? 80
hus as I may, your preſence to recover.

ELEGIE 2.

He wils his Wife to Cæſar to addreſſe, Argu.
Her ſute for eaſe of this his great diſtreſſe.

When Letters come from *Pontus* art thou pale?
And doth thy trembling hand in th'opening faile?
eare not, for I am well, yea now at length.
y body erſt 3 but weakely gathers ſtrength. 3 Invalid.
ither the uſe of labour makes it hard,
r elſe all time for ſickneſſe is debarr'd.
Yet is my minde as crazy as before,
nd my afflictions ſtill affect me 4 ſore. 4 More.
he wounds which Time I hop't would cloſe againe
s if new made, afreſh renne my paine. 10
me ſmaller croſſes length of time may eaſe, Sentēs.
greater miſchiefes doe with time encreaſe.
he wound which from the poyſon'd Arrow bred,
ore *Polyfletes* ten whole twelvemonths fed. Exam. 1.
en *Telephus* till death had nere beene ſound, 2
ſe that hurt him had not cur'd his wound,

And

And O that hee, which wrought my sore disease
Since I have done no crime, would grant me ease,
And from my sea of sorrow would abate,
Sated with part of this my dolorous fate.
Abate he much, yet there will much remaine,
And even th'one part will seeme sufficient paine,
As garden Roses, or the shels orth' shore,
Or graines which sleepy Poppy sheds in store,
Sim. As beasts ith' woods, or fish in waters gliding,
Or winged birds that through the ayre are sliding:
So numerous are my griefes, which would I tell,
I might summe up the drops oth' Sea as well.
My perils to passe ore, by Sea and Land,
How, oft my life was sought by bloody hands,
In a remote and barbarous land I lye,
Which is environ'd by the enemy.
From whence (hadst thou due care) I had been freed
No question, having done no bloody deed.
That god, on whom the *Romane* state doth lye,
Showes mercy oft to th' conquered enemy.
Goe then preferre thy sute, thou maist be bold,
b Then Cæsars The world a milder spirit doth not hold.
Woes me! what shall I doe, if thou withdraw
Thy necke from Wedlocke yoke and friendships law?
What shall I hope? who shall my ship sustaine?
Without an Anchor tost ith' watry maine?
Ile even to *Cæsar* as mine Altar runne,
The Altar doth no humble suter shun.

ELEGIE. 3.

Argu. *To Cæsar here our Poet makes his sute,*
His place of wofull exile to commute.

TO th' absent powers an absent suppliant speakes,
If I a man my minde to *Iove* may breake,
Thou Empire-swayer, in whose preservation,
The gods expresse their care oth' *Roman* nation.
The glory, and th' Example of thy land,
Great as the world ore which thou dost command.
So maist thou live earths joy, and heavens desire;
And slowly to the promis'd starres aspire:
I pray thee Spare me, and abate my paine,
And of thy thunder take some part againe.

Thy wrath indeed was milde, my life was ſparde, Jus civitatis.
Nor of a Citizens Right was I debar'd.
Nor were my goods beſtow'd on others than,
Nor did thine edict ſtile me 1 baniſht-man. 1 Relegatus non exul.
All this I feard, as I had well deſerved,
But by thy mercy I was better ſerved.
Awarded onely to the *Ponticke* land,
To plow with wandring ſhip the *Scythian* 2 ſand. 2 Sea.
I ſent away to th' *Euxine* ſhore doe flye,
Which neere the froxen *Arcticke* Pole doth lye. 20
Yet am I not ſo vext with freezing ſky,
Or th' Ice which ever on the ridges lye,
Or that theſe bruites no Latin underſtand,
But ſpeake in *Geticke-Greeke*, through all the Land,
As that a bordring Warre doth us incloſe,
In ſlender walls ſcarce fencing of our foes.
W'ave ſometimes peace, yet never are ſecure,
But either warres we feare, or warres endure.
So I remove from hence, *Charybdis* make
My ſpeedy paſſage to the *Stygian* Lake. 30
Or elſe in ſulphrous *Ætna* let me fry,
Or in the 3 gulfe of *Leucas* drovvned lye. 3 Ionian Sea.
My ſute is eaſy that no griefe refuſe,
But pray I may a ſafer miſchiefe chuſe.

ELEGIB. 4.

He ſues to Bacchus here, that he would pleaſe Argu.
To move Auguſtus for his ſpeedy eaſe.

Bacchus, this is the day, when Poets uſe
To honour thee (I tak't) with cheerefull muſe.
With garlands ſweete, their Temples they ſurround,
And midſt thy bowles of wine thy prayſes ſound.
Mong theſe, while Fortune ſuffer'd, I was one,
A welcome part of thy devotion,
Who now remaine ith' cold Sarmatian land,
Which nigh the Geres, unto the Beare doth ſtand.
And I who erſt from labour did retire, 10
To ſafter ſtudies and the Muſes quire,
Now far from home, with Geticke ſwords am vext,
Having beene ſore by ſea and land perplext.
Whether theſe ills Ioves wrath or chance ſend downe,
Or that the deſtinies at my birth did frowne.

Yet

Yet thou thy Poet ſtill ſhouldſt have ſuſtaind,
By whom the ſacred Ivy is maintaind,
But what thoſe fatall ſiſters once agree,
It ſeemes no god can change their firme decree.
Thy merits *Bacchus* did thy place obtaine
In heaven, and made thy paſſage thorow paine.
Thou left'ſt thy native Country, and from home
To ſnowy 1 *Strimon*, and fierce *Getes* didſt come
To *Perſia* too, and ſpacious *Ganges* brinke,
And all thoſe ſtreames, which ſwarthy Indians drink.
It ſeemes thoſe powres which fatall threds doe draw,
To thee 2 twiſe borne, twiſe ſung this fatall law.
So crabbed Fortune ſtill hath followed me,
If to a god I may reſembled be.
And caſt me headlong with his deadly fall,
3 Whom *Iove* for pride, did hurle from *Thebes* wall.
Yet when thou heard'ſt how I was thunderſtrooke,
Thy heart, no doubt with 4 Son-like pitty ſhooke.
And looking ore thy Poets too, mightſt ſay,
One of my ſervants is not here to day.
Good *Bacchus* helpe: ſo may thy fruitefull Vine,
Burden her Elme with Grapes of precious wine.
So may the *Bacchæ* with young Satyres-fry,
Attend thine heſts with their confuſed cry.
So ma. 5 *Licurgus* bones be ſorely preſt,
And 6 *Penthæus* Ghoſt from torment never reſt,
So may thy 7 Wives faire crowne ſhine ever bright,
Excelling all her neighbouring ſtarres in light.
Come hither *Bacchus*, helpe my wofull ſtate,
Remembring I was one of thine of late.
To gentle mildneſſe *Cæſars* heart incline,
For ſure you gods in ſweete commerce combine.
And you my Fellow-Poets friendly crue
For me, amid your cups this Prayer renue.
And ſome of you, when *Naſoes* name he heares,
Set downe your bowle, mixed with friendly teares,
And looking round about on's fellowes, ſay,
Wheres he was one oth' Quire ſuch other day?
Thus doe, if ever I deſerv'd your love,

And

20

1 A River twixt Macedon and Thrace.

2 Opet of Semele, once of Ioves thigh.

3 Capaneus inventour of ſcaling ladders

30

4 His mother Semele was ſlaine by Thunder, lying with Iupiter.

5 There two hated drunkenneſſe.

40.

6 Ariadnes Crowne, is a circle of ſtars.

[50]

And did with candour all your lines approve.
And giving th' ancient Poets honour due,
Yet thinke them fully equald by the new.
At least, retaine amongst you *Naso's* name,
So shall *Apollo* still your verses frame.

ELEGIE. 5.

This Elegy doth the Authours woes expresse, Argu.
And prai'se a Friend for's kindnesse in's distresse.

I'M *Naso's* letter come from th' *Euxine* strand,
Tyr'd out with travaile both by Sea and land.
He weeping said goe thou and visit *Rome*,
Whose fate is better then thy Masters doome.
And weeping wrote me, and the seale here set,
Not with his mouth but with his cheekes did wet.
If any aske me, wherefore he repines.
He bids me point him to the sunne that shines.
Discernes no leaves ith' wood, no grasse ith' fields,
And thinkes full Rivers do no waters yeeld.
Wonders, at *Hectors* death why *Priam* mournes,
Or [1] *Philoctetes* stung with poysond grones.
I wish the Gods had sent him such a state,
He had no cause to blame his cruell fate.
And yet he beares his crosse with patience fit,
And doth not like a Colt refuse the bit.
Hoping that *Cæsars* wrath will end in time,
As being conscious of no heinous crime.
Of *Cæsars* mildnesse he doth mention make,
And in himselfe he doth example take.
For, holding life, and lands and freemans name,
To *Cæsars* gift he doth ascribe the same.
Yet thee his friend, beleeve me, he doth beare
Still next his heart, of all his friends most deare.
Thee his *Patroclus*, thee his *Theseus* cals,
His *Pylades* and *Euryalus* withall.
Nor more doth long to see his Country deare,
And th'other Iewels that he wanteth heere;
Then thy deere eyes, to him farre sweeter still,
Then combes which *Attick* Bees from flowres distil
And oft that fatall houre to mind doth call,
Grieving that death did not prevent his falls

[1] Wounded with a poysoned Arrow.

And, when his ruine other men did ſhun
And baulkt the threſhold of a man undone,
He tels how thou with few remainedſt true,
If two or three be fitly cald a few.
For (though amazed) yet he well perceiv'd,
Thou at his fall even as himſelfe was griev'd.
Thy count'nance, words, & grones he's wont to ſhew,
And how thy teares his boſome did bedew:
And didſt no helpe deny, no comfort ſcant,
Although thy ſelfe didſt then much comfort want.
All which he vowes, whether he live or dye,
He will retaine in gratefull memory.
Yea, by's owne head and thine he's wont to ſweare,
I ſay by thine, which he doth prize as deare:
Heele full requitall make of all thy paines
Not ſuffring thee to plow the ſands in vaine.
Onely defend him ſtill, at my requeſt
Not his, who fully knowes thy conſtant breſt.

ELEGIE. 6.

Argu. *He doth his wives Birth day ſolemnize here,*
Wiſhing her after fortunes faire and cleare.

MY Wives wiſht birthday honour doth expect,
Let not mine hands her holy rites neglect.
Loe thus in utmoſt coſt *Vlyſſes* placed,
His Wives birthday, long ſince with feaſting graced.
And let my tongue her former plaints forbeare,
Which hath, I doubt, forgot to ſpeake with cheare.
And let it not offend, if I ſhall weare
White Robes unlike my fortune once a yeare.
And let an Altar of greene turfe be made,
Whoſe flaming fires the woven garlands ſhade.
And bring ſome incenſe, boy, to feede the flame,
And wine, which powr'd therein will hiſſe againe.
I wiſh, moſt welcome day, thou maiſt prove kind,
To her thats abſent, and unlike to mine.
If any danger hover o're her head,
Of my bad fortune let her now be rid.
And let her ſhip, late bruis'd with grievous ſtorme,
Henceforth make happy voyage ſafe from harme.

1 Thou beſt of dayes.

Let

Let her her Country, Daughter, house retaine,
Let it suffice that these from me are tane.
And though she be unfortunate in me,
Yet let her other life unclouded be.
Still let her live, and love her absent mate,
And not till many yeares resigne to fate,
I'de adde mine owne to hers, but for my feares,
My fates contagion should corrupt her yeares.
Nothing is sure to man: who would have gest,
Among the *Getes* I should have kept this feast?
But loe the swelling wind to *Rome*-ward drives
The smoke, which from our Incense doth arise.
It seemes the vapours which the fire doth raise
Have sense, as others doe to shun my cause,
When common sacrifice those [1] brothers twaine
Did make, yet after by each other slaine,
Into two parts the dusky flames did flow,
As if the brethren had commanded so.
Once I did thinke this tale a fable vaine,
And that [2] *Callimachus* did meerely faigne.
Now I beleeve it, seeing smoke did bend
So wisely from the North, and *Rome*-ward wend.
This is the day, which had it never beene.
I wretched man no festivall had seene.
This day those vertues brought, which match the fame
Of [3] *Hectors* wife, or chaste *Penelopes* name,
With her, faith, goodnesse, chastity were bred,
Yet pour'd this day no joy upon her head.
But labours cares, an ill-befuting fate,
And just complaints of an halfe-widowed state.
Indeed in hardest state is goodnesse tride,
Shee's prais'd which doth in crosses constant bide.
Had not *Vlysses* seene such dismall dayes,
Then had *Penelope* lost her glorious praise.
Had valiant *Capaneus* won the *Theban* Towne,
Evadne then had never had renowne,
Of *Pelias* daughters why admire we one?
Her husbands woes ennobled her alone.

1 Eteocles and Polynices.

2 A Poet son of Battus.

3 The daughters of Ilion, and Icarius.

4 Alcestis wife of Admetus King of Thessaly, he being sicke, sent to the Oracle, and received answer that he must dye presently unlesse some friend would dye for him, this all refused and she voluntarily dyed for him.

Laodameia too obſcure had layne,
Had not her Lord at *Troy* beene foremoſt ſlaine.
So had thy kindneſſe, wife, beene ſtill unknowne,
If on my ſayles the windes had fairely blowne.
Yet ye, O gods, and *Ceſar* who ſhalt be,
At *Neſtors* yeares an heav'nly Deity,
O ſpare, I pray, though not my guilty head,
Yet her who hath no ſorrow merited.

ELEGIE. 7.

Argu. *He wooes his friend that he would not withdraw*
His kindneſſe, but abide in friendſhips Law,

DOſt thou the *Quondam* hope of mine affaires,
The Refuge and the Port of all my cares,
Doſt thou likewiſe forſake thy ancient friend?
Doſt thou ſo ſoone thy Pious office end?
I am a burden: true, but why at firſt,
Didſt take it up, to lay it downe at th' worſt?
What [1] *Palinurus* leave thy ſhip ith' ſtorme?
Flee not, but ſhow thy skill in times forlorne.
Ith' fight [2] *Automedon* neere left his charge,
Nor yet *Achilles* chariot run at large.
And [3] *Podalirius*, his Greeke Patients ſtill
Once undertaken, followed with his skill.
Better neere harbour, then thruſt out thy gueſt,
Then let me on mine Altar firmely reſt.
At firſt, thou onely didſt maintaine thy friend,
But now with me thy Iudgement muſt defend,
At leſt if I have done no treſpaſſe ſince,
To make thee change thy faith by mine offence.
Firſt let my breath out of my breſt repayre,
Which I but hardly draw in *Scythian* aire,
Ere my default ſhould thy diſpleaſure move,
Or I ſhould ſeeme unworthy of thy love.
I am not ſo through cruell fates declin'd,
That griefe ſhould breed a frenzy in my minde;
But ſay it had: oft, in his franticke fit,
[illegible] words at Pylades did Oreſtes ſpit,
[illegible] unlike but that he ſtrooke his friend,
[illegible] yet remaind officious to the end.
[illegible] the wretched with the rich agree,

Both

[1] Aeneas his Pilot.
[2] Achilles chariot driver.
[3] The Greekes Phyſitian at Troy.

Both muſt be pleas'd, and both muſt humour'd be,
We give blind men the way, as well as thoſe,
Whoſe maſes awe us and their purple clothes.
Then ſpare my fortune, though thou ſpare not me;
Who am no ſubject fit to anger thee.
Chuſe out but part of that which I ſuſtaine,
Tis more then all of which thou canſt complaine;
Number the reedes which in the marſhes ſtand,
Or Bees which feede on *Hybla's* flowry land.
Or count the Piſmires which in toyling ſwarmes,
Doe ligge the graine into their earthly barnes,
Such troupes of ſorrowes me environ round,
That far above my plaints, my woes abound.
Whom they content not: let him heape on more,
Water ith' Seas, or Sands upon the ſhore.
1 Thy groundleſſe fury then, my friend appeaſe
Deſert me not in midſt of ſtormy Seas.

1 The untimely.

ELEGIE. 8.

Our Poet here his wofull plight repeates,
And ſhowes the attire and manners of the Getes. Argu.

THis Letter Reader, comes from *Scythian* clime,
Where *Iſters* ſtreames with th'Ocean waves cóbine.
If thou a life of health doſt now retaine,
I ſhall an happy man in part remaine.
I know my deare, thou askeſt how I fare,
Which thou maiſt gather, though I ſilent were.
I am, in brieſe and ſumme, a wretched wight,
As he muſt be, whom *Cæſar* ſhall deſpight.
Beſides, I know thou wouldſt, that I ſhould tell,
The manner of theſe *Tomites* where I dwell.
The *Greekes* with *Getes* are mixed here in ſtore,
Yet of fierce *Getes*, this coaſt containeth more.
Whole troupes of *Getes* and rude *Sarmatians* goe,
Tracing our rodes with horſes to and fro.
And theres not one but bow, and bowcaſe weares,
And arrowes blew with gall of Vipers beares.
Rough ſpeech, and lookes that threaten death they have
Their heads and beards theſe ſhack-haires never ſhave

Their hands are ready ſtill to ſtab and wound
With knives, which ever by their ſides are bound.
With theſe he lives that wrote Loves tender glee,
Theſe, theſe thy Poet ſtill doth heare and ſee.
And yet, with theſe O may he never dye,
But let his ghoſt this loathed Region flye!
Whereas thou writeſt of applauſes rung
In the full Theaters, to my verſes ſung.
Thon know'ſt, I never pend to ſtages Lawes,
Nor was my Muſe ambitious of applauſe.
Yet am I pleaſed, that I ſtill retaine
In freſh remembrance a poore exiles name.
My Muſe and verſes though I oft forſweare,
When I conſider what for them I beare;
Yet having curſt them, cannot give them o're,
But love the weapons dyed in my gore.
The *Greekiſh* ſhip torne ith' *Euboian* maine,
Yet neere *Caphareus* 1 rocke dares ſaile againe.
Yet wiſh I not for praiſe or late renowne:
Who had beene ſafer, had I nere beene knowne:
But with my ſtudies doe beguile my griefe,
And yeeld my careſull minde ſome ſhort reliefe.
How elſe ſhould I alone my time employ?
Or other cure of ſorrow here enjoy?
For loe the place is moſt unpleaſant ground,
In all the world a vilder is not found.
As for the men, they ſcarce deſerve the name,
More ferity then wolves they doe retaine.
They feare no lawes, but right gives place to might,
The ſtronger ſword hath ſtill the better right.
They fence the cold with skins, and mantles wide,
And with long locks their dreadful count'nance hide
In ſome of them a ſmacke of Greeke is found,
Though much corrupted by the *Getick* ſound.
Yet there's not one of all this ſavage throng,
That can expreſſe a word ith' Latine tongue.
Pardon ye Muſes, I (even forc't erewhile)
A *Roman* Poet ſpeake their *Getick* ſtile.
I bluſh to ſay't, yet through diſuſe doe finde,

1 Hill.

That

That Latine words come 1 slowly to my minde. 1 Hardly.
And doubtlesse, barbarous words these Poems shame
For which you must the place not Poet blame.
Yet lest I quite should lose th' *Ausonian* tongue,
And in my Country speech prove wholly dumbe,
I with my selfe discourse in words disused,
Vnder the Muses standard long refused.
Thus doe I passe my houres, and so a while
Of fretting thoughts my pensive minde beguile.
Seeking by Poetry to forget my griefe,
And well apaid, if thus I finde reliefe.

ELEGIE. 9. Argu.

Here Ovid doth a tart invective write,
'Gainst one that had provok't him with despite.

THough I be false, I am not under thee,
Then whom there's nothing can more abject be.
What makes thee stomacke thus, vild wretch? or why
Dost thou insult o're humane misery?
Can not my miseries make thee mild and tame
To me, when Tygers would condole the same?
Nor fear'st thou Fortunes power, which tickle stands
Vpon a ball? nor yet her proud commands?
Yet will just *Nemesis* take revenge for me,
Since thou dost trample on calamity.
I saw a ship, and passengers all lost,
And said, loe never was the sea more just.
And some that grudg'd the poore their broken meat,
Themselves are faine to begge before they eate.
Thus fickle fortune roves with wandring pace, Sentence.
And never constant bides in any place.
Shees merry now, but mourning by and by,
In nothing constant but inconstancy.
I once did flourish, but did quickely fade.
My blasing flame was but of stubble made.
Yet lest thy cruell joy should be entire,
I have some hope to quench this heav'nly ire,
Since both I meane no harme, and though for shame
I blush, yet doth not envy fret my name:
Besides the massie world from East to west,

Holds not then *Cæsars* a more tender breſt.
For though he ſcorne to ſtoope to hoſtile ſtrength,
Yet humble pray'rs will melt his heart at length.
And like the Gods, whoſe number heele encreaſe,
Heele grant me many a boone, beſides releaſe.
Count all the dayes ith' yeare, both foule and fair,
And thou ſhalt finde that theſe moſt frequent are.
Leſt then thou chance to overjoy my paine,
Suppoſe I may bē yet reſtor'd againe.
Suppoſe, when *Cæſars* wrath ſhall milder be,
My face ith' City thou with griefe maiſt ſee,
And I thee baniſht for ſome fowler crime:
To this my twofold wiſh, let heaven incline.

ELEGIE 10.

Argu. *He ſhowes the reaſon why he doth not name,*
His worthy friend for feare he purchaſe blame.

WOuldſt thou permit thy name within my verſe,
How often there would I the ſame reherſe?
Thee onely would I ſing, and all my layes,
In every Page ſhould ſound thy worthy praiſe.
My debt to thee ſhould through the City ſpread,
If I poore Exile, be ith' City read.
This age, and after times ſhould know thy love,
If theſe my ſlender rhymes ſhall laſting prove.
Yea learned Readers ſhould thy prayſes ring,
A Poet ſav'd might well ſuch honour bring.
That now I breath, is firſt great *Cæſars* fee,
And next to him, the thankes are due to thee,
He gave me life, thou doſt his gift maintaine,
And cauſeſt me that ſ grace to entertaine.
When at my fall, the moſt men were diſmaid,
And others would be thought to be afraid,
And on my ſhipwracke gazed from the land;
Yet to me ſtoring reacht no helping hand,
Thou onely didſt from preſent death recall me,
And mak'ſt me live to know what did befall me.
Let all the gods, with *Cæſar* thee befriend,
What can I wiſh thee better to thy end?

Wouldſt

Wouldst thou give leave, all this, my painefull skill,
Should publish to the world in accents shrill.
My Muse even now (though chargd to hold her peace)
From publishing thy name can scarcely cease.
But as the dogge, when the Deeres sent is found,
Contends to breake the Lease wherein he's bound.
And as the Coursers hoofe and head doth beate,
The Lists and Barres till they be open set,
So my *Thalia*, with thy Lawes inclos'd,
To name thee, though forbidden is dispos'd.
Yet lest this friendly office doe thee harme,
Feare not, my blabbing tongue thy law shall charme.
Yet not my thoughts, Ile still remember thee,
And (which thou barrest not) will gratefull be.
Yea whilst I live (which may it be but short)
My soule shall from thy service never start.

ELEGIE 11.

Argu.

Ovid complaines he hath in Pontus spent,
Three yeares already since his banishment.

THrice hath the cold congealed *Isters* streame,
Thrice bound the *Euxine*, since I hither came.
The time, me thinkes, since I did *Rome* enjoy,
Doth seeme as long as was the siege of *Troy*,
The months you'd thinke did rather stand then goe,
The yeare doth passe and pace away so slow.
The *Solstice* shortens not the tedious night,
Nor Winter breviate the loathed light.
The naturall course of things is chang'd to me,
Which with my cares me thinkes enlarged be.
Or else the times their wonted courses run,
And only tedious seeme to me alone,
Whom *Pontus* holdeth *Euxine* falsly stilde,
Being indeed the land of *Scythia* wilde.
Where bordring nations threaten warres amaine,
Accounting spoyle the onely honest gaine.
Where nothing's safe abroad: our hil's entrencht
With slender wals, and its owne native strength.
Our foes, ere we perceive, like Birds of pray,
Flocke to our spoiles, and drive them quite away.

ἄξενος Hospitable.

vve

We often gather up within our wall
Their darts which in our cloſed ſtreetes doe fall.
Few here dare plow the ground, who ever eares
With one hand plowes, ith' other weapons beares.
The Sheepheard armed pipes on's Oaten reed,
Inſtead of wolves, the ſheepe doe warriours dread.
Our Caſtle ſcarce defends from foes without,
We feare within a mixed barbarous rout.
For here nixt ſavages and *Græcians* neſt,
Our houſes moſt what are by them poſſeſt.
Whom though you feare not, you muſt needs deteſt,
With skinnes and ſhagged haire to ſee them dreſt.
Ev'n thoſe which from the *Greekiſh* line deſcend,
With *Perſian* mantles doe the cold defend:
And with the neighbouring *Getes* in ſpeech cõmerce
So that I doe by ſignes with them converſe.
And no man underſtands my language here,
But at my Latine tongue theſe ruſtickes jeere,
And raile upon me Scotfree to my face,
Objecting oft mine exile in diſgrace.
And take in evill part, when many times
I ſtrive to anſwer them by nods and ſignes,
Swords here determine what is wrongfull right,
And oft ith' Court they fall to bloody fight.
O cruell *Lacheſis*, to draw ſo farre.
My thread of life, which had ſo ill a ſtarte.
I waile my want of friends and Country deare,
And that I live with *Scythian* people here.
As two great evills: the firſt I did deſerve,
Yet might a place of leſſe diſquiet ſerve.
What ſay I foole? who then deſerved death,
When I did firſt incurre great *Cæſars* wrath.

Reſt.

ELEGIE 12.

Argu. *He cheeres his Wife 'gainſt one who had revilde her*
And in diſdaine an Exiles wife had ſtilde her.

THy Letter doth complaine, that one, in ſtrife
Miſterm'd thee by the name of Exiles wife.
I griev'd, not that my fortune ill doth heare,

who

Who am inur'd with patience wrongs to beare,
But that I'm cauſe of ſhame, deare wife, to thee,
And feare thou bluſheſt at my low degree.
Hold out to beare: thou ſuffredſt more that day,
When *Cæſars* anger ſent me firſt away.
Yet was he wide, that me exiled thought,
A gentler Cenſure did attend my fault.
My greateſt Croſſe was *Cæſar* to offend,
Oh that I firſt had met my fatall end.
Indeed my ſhip is ſhattred, but not drownd,
It beares up ſtill, though't have no haven found.
He ſeaz'd not on my life, wealth, Cities-right,
Although for my offence he juſtly might.
But,[1] cauſe no wickedneſſe in me was found,
He onely baniſht me my native ground.
And as to others, more then I can count,
So *Cæſars* mercy did to me ſurmount.
And ſtilde me not an exile, but proſcrib'd.
My judge, himſelfe my cauſe can beſt decide.
Therefore my verſes, to my ſlender power,
Shall chaunt thy prayſes, *Cæſar*, every houre,
Ile pray the gods to ſhut their heav'nly gate,
A while, and thou maiſt hold thy royall ſtate,
So pra-es the people, yet my prayer ſhall run
Like a ſmall Brooke into th'vaſt Ocean.
But thou, who cal'ſt me exile, ſpare to preſſe,
With lying titles this my hard diſtreſſe.

[1] For.

ELEGIE 13.

Argu.

He anſwers here his friend, that wiſht him write,
Verſes in's Exile for a ſmall delite.

THou writ'ſt that I ſhould paſſe my mournfull time
With ſtudy, leſt my minde with ruſt decline.
Tis hard my friend to doe, for Verſes aske,
A quiet mind, being a cheerefull taske.
But my hard Fortune's driven with adverſe wind,
So that a worſe can hardly be aſſign'd.
Thou bidſt King *Priam* as's ſons funerals ſport,
And childleſſe *Niobe* keepe a dancing Court.

vvhat

What, seeme I fit for study, or for mone,
Who to the utmost *Getes* am sent alone?
Had I a mind with matchlesse strength sustain'd,
Like [1] *Socrates* whom *Anytus* defam'd,
Yet such a weight would sinke my wits at length,
Ioves anger farre exceedeth humane strength.
That aged man whom *Phœbus* styled wise,
Could not have wrote in such a wofull guise.
For say I could forget my home and fall,
And have no feeling of my griefe at all,
Yet feare it selfe this quiet taske would let,
Who am with sundry cruell foes beset.
Adde that my wit is dull'd, or rusted o're,
And growne much weaker then it was before.
The fertile field, if't be not duely tild, (yeeld:
Sim. Will nought but grasse, with thornes and thistles
The resty Horse, runs slowly, and arrives,
Sim. Hindmost of those, which for the mastery strive.
The Boate that long stands dry, it is no wonder,
Sim. If it in time grow seare, and cleave in sunder.
Well then may I despaire (though weake before)
To reach that straine of verse I had of yore.
Continuall troubles make my *Genius* fade,
Much of my former vigour is decayde.
Yet oft my Table bookes I take in hand,
Wooing my words in lawfull feete to stand:
Yet can no verses make, or such as these
Which sute the Authours time, and states disease.
[2] Sentes. Lastly tis glory which the minde doth raise,
And eloquent straines doe flow from love of praise:
With fames bright lustre was I mov'd of yore,
So long as prosperous winds my sayles outbore.
Now 'tis not so with me, to seeke for glory.
I rather wish that none should know my story.
Because my verse at first had good successe,
Wouldst have me still my former labours presse?
Ye sisters nine (Ile speake it with your leave)
Twas you that did of *Italy* me bereave.
[3] Perillus. And as in's Bull the [3] Authour first did smart,

So

So am I justly punisht for my [1] Art. [1] Of Love.
Twere meete, that I should verses quite forbeare,
And after shipwracke the rough Ocean feare.
But say I would resume my harmefull Muse,
Here are no tooles to serve a Poets use.
Here's not a booke, nor one to lend an eare.
Or that can understand me when they heare.
Each place is full of rude and bruitish noyse,
Each place is full of *Geticke* fearefull voyce,
And I the Latine tongue have much forgot,
And fall to speake the rude *Sarmaticke* note.
And yet (to say the truth) cannot refraine.
But now and then my Muse a verse will frame,
I write, and what I write with fire consume,
And all my study ends in flame and fume.
Nor can I make a verse, nor doe desire,
And therefore cast my labours in the fire.
So that to you, none of my fancies came,
But what by chance or stealth escap't the flame.
Even so, I wish my Art it selfe had burn'd,
Which to such sorrow hath her Authour turn'd.

ELEGIE 14.

Here Ovid kindly chides a reall friend,
Because he did no loving Letters send. Argu.

FRom *Pontus* land, thine *Ovid* sends thee health.
If one can send what he doth want himselfe.
My sickly body griefe of mind doth taint,
Least any part in me should torment want.
A stitch my payned side doth daily hold,
Which I have got by VVinters deadly cold.
Yet am I well in part if thou beest so,
Whose shoulders did support mine overthrow.
Thou gav'st me many pledges of thy love,
And the true Patron of my life didst prove;
And yet in seldome writing dost offend.
VVith-holding words, not deeds from me thy friend
Mend this I pray thee, which if thou correct,
There shall be found in thee no one defect.

Ide

I'de blame thee more, but that thy Letters sent,
Perhaps miscarried, 'gainst thy true intent.
Let my complaint, O gods be rash and hot,
And let me fasly feare, I was forgot,
I have my wish: for sure I shall not find,
That thou hast ever chang'd thy constant mind.
First shall cold *Pontus* land gray Wormewood want,
And sweetest Tyme shall be in *Hybla* scant;
Ere thou to thinke upon thy friend grow slacke,
My Dest'nies are not spun of threds so blacke.
Yet to prevent the least suspitions scarre,
Lest thou shouldst seem, what th'art not, pray beware
And as we wont our time to passe away,
In friendly talke tyring the tedious day,
Let Letters now our words transport along;
And pen and paper make supply of tongue.
But lest I seeme distrustfull of my friend,
Let me in these few lines my caution end.
And (that thy fates from mine may distant dwell)
I adde our letters common close, farewell.

ELEGIE 15.

Argu. *Here Ovid to his Wife, this comfort gives,*
That she for ever in his Poems lives.

WHat monuments in my Bookes, thou seest dare (wife,
I leave of thee far dearer then my life.
For though hard Fortune presse the Authour sore,
Yet shall my workes renowne thee more and more.
Whilst I am read, the world shall read thy fame,
Thou shalt not all consume in funerall flame.
And though thou seemst unhappy by my fate,
Yet many Wives will wish even thine estate,
Will call thee happy, yea and will envy,
Thou bear'st a part in Ovids misery.
Could I give thousands, I could give no more,
The rich mans ghost must leave his wealthy store.
I give thee this, thy name shall ever live,
Then which, what greater dowry could I give?
And, when thou art alone my states defender,
This make thine honour neither light nor slender,

And

And that my tongue ſtill chaunts thy praiſe aloud,
Thy husbands witneſſe 1 ought to make thee proud.
Which leſt it ſhould be raſh, perſiſt to th'end,
And ſtill thy husband and thy faith defend.
For while I ſtood upright, thou didſt maintaine
Thy goodneſſe free from any crime or ſtaine.
Nor is it leſſened by this fall of mine,
Here may thy Vertue much the brighter ſhine.
'Tis eaſie to be good, when all things prove,
Fit to invite a wife to duteous love.
But in a thundring tempeſt not to flye,
This is true wedlocke-love and piety.
Rare vertue 'tis, which Fortune doth not guide,
But Fortune fleeing, yet doth firme abide,
If there be any ſuch which vertue prize,
Even for it ſelfe, and ſcornes adverſities,
Recount the times, ſhe never was conceal'd,
But of the world admir'd and famous held.
Thou ſeeſt how chaſte *Penelope* retaines,
Through tract of time, a never dying name.
2 *Admetus* wife, and *Hectors*, Poets fame,
And 3 *Hiphias*, that deſpis'd the funerall flame.
Laodamia's praiſe doth ſtill reſound,
Whoſe lord did firſt ſet foote on *Trojan* ground.
Thou need'ſt not dye for me: by faithfull love
At eaſie rate thou mayſt renowned prove:
Nor by this counſell, thinke thy ſelfe accus'd,
Though Oares doe good, yet are not ſayles refus'd.
Who warnes thee to perſiſt, commends thy fact,
And by his Counſell doth approve the act.

1 Well may.

Sent. 1.

2

3

2 Alceſtis Admetus wife dyed to ſave him alive.
3 She was burned with her husband.

Sim.

Ovid de ſeipſo.

What unto Maro high Heroickes owe,
To me ſoft Elegies are indebted ſo.

Δόξα μονῳ τῷ θεῷ.

The fifth Booke containeth 750. Verſes.

The five Bookes containe 3556, Verſes.
The Arguments, 100. Verſes.

FINIS.